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Stanton, Anna M.

My autobiography

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

For my friend
Margaret Mason
From.

Anna M. Stanton
61-10th 1908.

I give this to Mary Elton
Warwick
June 1938



ANNA M. STANTON

MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY

ANNA M. STANTON

DES MOINES, IOWA
BISHARD BROTHERS, PRINTERS
1908

Allen County Public Library
St. Wayne, Indiana

*To my relatives and many dear friends, who have helped to make
my life in a measure useful, this booklet is kindly dedicated.*

A. M. S.

A BIT OF EXPERIENCE.

“I have met with a good many people
In jogging o’er life’s varied way;
I’ve encountered the clever, the simple,
The crabbed, the grave and the gay;
I have traveled with beauty, with virtue,
I have been with the ugly and bad,
I have laughed with the ones who were merry,
And wept with the ones who were sad.

“One thing I have learned on my journey—
Ne’er to judge one by what he appears;
The eyes that seem sparkling with laughter
Oft battle to keep back the tears.
And long sanctimonious faces
Hide often the souls that are vile,
While the heart that is merry and cheerful
Is often the freest from guile.

“And, too, I have learned that most friendships
We make are as brittle as glass;
Just let a reverse overtake us—
Our “friends” on the “other side” pass.
But, ah! I’ve found some who are loyal—
Some hearts ever loving and true!
And the joy and the peace they have brought me
Have cheered me my whole journey through.”

MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY

I do not think my friends nor the world would lose much were this never published. But as I am the last limb on the branch of our family tree, some of my relatives have wished me to leave with them some facts known only to myself. I feel as a writer has said,

“That my part in the plan is but weakness,
My place in the structure is small—
But what a thing for a worm of the dust
To be in the structure at all!”

Peter Parley says that chronology and geography are the two eyes of history. If so, we must regard the essential parts of a life to be the *when*, the *where*, and the *how*.

This mysterious thing called life began with me on the 2nd day of September, 1832, in Milton, Wayne county, Indiana. The how remains to be seen. Life to us is not much without the little incidents that make it ours, and by which we identify ourselves. I was the fifth child of Peter and Cecelia Stanton, who were both birth-right members of the society of “Friends,” or Quakers as they are sometimes called. I think I am right in saying they had been born on the eastern shore of Maryland, Caroline county, and lived there until they were married and had two sons. Then in the spring of 1826 they came to Indiana, settling in Milton, as Hatfield Wright, my mother’s father, had preceded them a few months. Peter Stanton was born August 30, 1894. Cecelia Wright was born in 1803, married Peter Stanton June 20, 1822, in Caroline county, Maryland, and had two children—Isaac, born March 25, 1823, and James B., born October 1, 1826. Then in the year 1826 they started on their journey to Indiana, mother’s sister, Lucretia, coming with them to help with the children; coming, no doubt, as the other early settlers, in a big covered wagon. Several families came with them, most likely, and they were weeks in making the trip, which now

1794

could be made in a few hours. After arriving at Milton they found the Whiteleys, Justices, Framptons, and a little later the Greys, Morrises, Levertons, Ferrises and others, I think. As I only draw from imagination, I may not have them right. I believe in a short time a Friends' meeting was started. As it is a characteristic of the Friends to mingle socially and religiously together, how interested they must have been in the growth of this new colony, and to find a quiet resting place after that long journey. I have heard Cousin Isaac Whiteley speak of their journey over the same route.

Seven families came together when he came, all in their covered wagons. He was very jovial and pleasant, and to prepare shelter for the women and children at night he went ahead and would try to engage rooms at some farm house for them to spread their beds upon the floor. But one evening when on the lookout for a stopping place he saw a man sitting on a log, if I remember rightly, not far from a house. Cousin Isaac spoke to him and asked if they could secure lodging for the night for their women and children. The man asked how many. Cousin answered, "Seven wives and forty children." "Well," said the man, "on condition that there shall be no swearing, nor stealing." This, no doubt, offended Cousin Isaac's dignity to find there could be a doubt of their honesty, and he called back to the nearest team, "We will drive on." They afterwards learned that the man was a preacher.

This company of settlers, they say, was seven weeks on their way, arriving at last, dusty, weary and foot sore, but glad of a resting place. I think our mothers must have been able to endure more than their daughters can in this day.

Those who found not a ready made home must make one, by cutting down trees and building a log cabin. Happy, indeed, when they had windows and doors tight enough to keep out the wolves and night intruders. Matches were then almost unknown. Neighbor loaned fire to neighbor, if near enough; if not, strike fire with flint. Cooking was all done by an open fire in skillets, long handled pans, etc. The teakettle and hominy pot were suspended by hooks from a crane over the fire. Corn bread was much used, called Johnnycake, baked on a board in front of the fire before a hot bed of coals. Fowls or other meat sometimes hung over a hot fire to roast. The reflector, a small tin oven set before the fire, was an after-

thought. A great advance. Then followed the stove, which was a rude affair compared to the twentieth century designs. Candles made of tallow were made in candle moulds or dipped, a lost art when the lamp came into use. Even it was poor light we would now think. We often hear the good old times spoken of. I have no wish to return to them, but feel I can better appreciate the twentieth century improvements by having lived in the log cabin days.

My father was the son of Beachem Stanton, who lived at Stanton Landing, Caroline county, Maryland. His grave-stone may be found at Choptank, Md.

I do not know just how long my parents remained in Milton. While here they had three children added to their family—Edward, born in 1829; Mary, born April 21, 1830, and myself, born September 2, 1832. Edward died there and was buried in the Milton graveyard, on the bank of a branch of Whitewater. His grave going to decay, he was a few years since reinterred by Brother Isaac and the grave marked.

My father moved to Old Blue River sometime in 1833. I think in 1834 was born another daughter, who lived only a few months, and my earliest recollection is standing by mother, seeing her shed tears over their infant, and standing at the graveside when she was buried.

In 1837 my Sister Lucretia came, and we were so pleased when taken into mother's room and shown the baby. She had a mark on her breast they called a strawberry; it sometimes was very red, but grew white as she grew older.

On the 2nd of November, 1837, father died, leaving mother with a few months old baby and four older children to care for. The two eldest were good sized boys, but yet needed a father's care. She was left a widow among strangers at the early age of 35. My mother decided to return to Milton, Ind., stopping a short time with her Brother Isaac Wright at Huntsville, and leaving there Sister Mary and the two boys, myself and sister going with her to grandfather's. Finding grandfather an invalid and not wishing the noise of two children, a kind friend of theirs promised to take me. Grandfather had married his second wife, by whom he had one son, Leven. He married, had two children, and died, I think, in 1869 or 1870 at New Holland, Indiana. In 1839 I left mother for the first time in my life, and since how my heart aches for children who have to leave their mother. This home was in

the country not more than two miles away, but it seemed a desolate spot to me without mother. Matthew and Elizabeth Ferris were kind people, but they had no children of their own and it was lonely. Making it worse, I had the whooping cough. I remember running for an old rain-water trough to hold to when the fits of coughing came on. In time I became better reconciled and learned many useful lessons, knitting, woolpicking, dishwashing, etc. My friends were of the working class and did not believe in idlers. I had to stand on a chair to wash dishes and must do it well. But one day I remember my work proved unsatisfactory. Council was held between the husband and wife (it may not have been the first time), and it was decided some punishment must follow. While I was rewashing the dishes, Uncle Matthew, as I called him, secured a tin cup, put a strap through the handle and fastened it around my ankle. This was in the afternoon. He told me to wear it until bed time. It followed me to the wood-pile for chips, to the spring for water, and where duty called me. To think I must be thus labeled was a great mortification. It was quite common for some of the neighbor children to call, and after our supper work was done I crawled under our old fashioned table that was dressed in an oilcloth reaching nearly to the floor. I thought myself nicely hidden. Two neighbor boys came in to spend the evening around our blazing fire. I was missed, and on investigation discovered and invited out, tin cup and all. But I soon left them for bed, feeling disgraced.

The important event of starting to school was an occasion to be remembered near this time. The school was in an old log house on Daniel Whiteley's farm, near William Berry's. The Whiteley children attended, the most of them older than I. I cannot recall much of the *modus operandi* of my success in mastering the alphabet, only I remember the teacher one evening tied a red string around my finger to make me remember F. Anna Charles was teacher, I think. Another incident connected with those school days was a little branch running near the school house with sandy banks. We children one day played funeral, piling up this sand like a grave, playing it was my grandfather's grave. He died very soon after this and I thought the play had something to do with it, and would never play it again. I only stayed a short time at this place after grandfather's death, as mother went to housekeeping in

Milton and took me home to go to school there. I think Isaac Smith or Noah Leads were the teachers. I also went a while to Ann Izor. I was very happy, indeed, to be at home with my dear mother and little Sister Lucretia. My greatest fear was that I might have to leave her. My mother was an invalid much of the time, but was always industriously engaged at something. She did sewing and shoe binding, which was an industry then among women, and there seemed but few avenues open at that time for them. I could help her some in looking after my active, mischief loving sister. We had many a lively chase for her. She was possessed with a passion for running away, and it was the wonder of our neighbors that she was not killed or crippled on the street; but she was a happy-go-lucky little thing and always came out on top.

One morning mother told me she was going to quarterly meeting, but I must stay in and keep my sister at home. Mother left and it soon began to rain. Some little girls came to play with me. I forgot my charge, thinking no more of her until mother came home through the rain, leading my sister, wet as she could be, with bare head and feet, a low neck dress and bare arms. The meeting house stood in a pretty, shady grove, and in order to get to it we had to cross a canal which was being dug, with only a board to walk over. She had crossed this and went into the meeting house and to mother. In the stillness of the meeting, mother said she came pit-a-pat up to her, wondering, I expect, why mother hurried her out, spoiling mother's meeting and my happiness for a little while, for I got a whipping, the first, I think, and the last my mother ever gave me.

Mother had cousins by name of Whiteley that we liked to visit and went frequently.

In 1841 or 1842 I left home again to stay with a family near Lewisville, Indiana. They had no small children and wanted me. It was only seven miles away, but I was heart broken almost to leave mother, but realized the care would be less for her. It was seldom I could go to see her and then only for a day, which seemed too short. Great sympathy is due the poor mother who has to scatter her children, and for the fatherless unable to care for themselves, exposed to the mercy of strangers, who sometimes forget that they were once children themselves. It would be a great step in bettering the conditions of such if they could be assisted in some

way to keep the family together, as the prudent mother can best know the needs of her family, and when the home ties are broken it is seldom they feel quite the same interest in each other as when kept together. I stayed here about three years. I had my trials as all children have, and many things happened to me that seemed hard to bear, but in looking back from riper years I feel it was all intended for my good. The dear friends have all passed on to the other life and I feel no censure for them. There was less thought given to the entertainment of children fifty or sixty years ago; they were a kind of nuisance to be endured, and you were made to feel that children were to be seen but not heard, and at times it was quite preferable to keep even out of sight; and to ask questions was very rude, indeed. The extremes in most cases are productive of injury; a happy medium is better. Too much restraint for a timid child, I think, affects all of their after life. But oh! alas! what would that generation of thinkers say could they open their eyes upon young America of this day? They would see that times have been reversed; in too many cases the other extreme has followed. Some little neighbor girls living near us I was sometimes permitted to visit, and we helped each other with our work, milking, churning, and I took my first lesson in dissecting a chicken; do not remember any part of it, only I was told to look out for the gall, with no word of explanation whether it was good or bad. So I handled that delicate part with great care and put it carefully in with the chicken to be cooked, supposing it a rare part. As no bad consequence followed, presume some older head in looking it over cast it out. I went to school from here, wore a home woven flaxen dress, and helped pull the flax of which it was made. It had a stripe in it. I wore calico pantelets tied just above the knee. In winter I wore a pressed flannel dress woven from home grown wool, sent to the mills to be woven and pressed, as was then the way, some spinning the yarn at home. I remained in this home until the mother of this family died, which came very unexpectedly. She had been ailing, but was better, and the husband had started to Cincinnati with a load of wheat; no transportation then but the big covered wagon. In the night following his departure she grew worse and died before morning. I was sent to the son, who lived a half mile away, before daylight to inform them. A messenger was sent to overtake the husband

and father to bring him back, the messenger taking the load on and he returning.

My own dear mother died near this time. She had moved from Milton to a little home she had bought near New Castle, Indiana. I had visited them once. As the other children were all at home, she expected soon to have me; but, alas! it was not to be. Very early one summer morning a messenger came to tell me my mother was very ill. In truth, she had suddenly died the day before, but they did not tell me. We had twelve miles to go, and found them preparing for the funeral. She did so wish to see me, as the rest were all at home, but no messenger could be sent, as all were away at a meeting. After the funeral the home was broken up. This was in 1844. I returned for a short time to this home and then, after making some visits with relatives, went to the home of one of my mother's sisters, living in a new wooded country on the bank of the Salimony river, near Rush Creek neighborhood, Indiana. They had quite a little family, the husband, Reece Ridgway, being a farmer and a good, conscientious man. He was one of the early settlers of this neighborhood; a Friend, and helper with his wife in establishing a meeting here, and regular attenders when possible. This did not seem a healthy place, as some of the family were sick much of the time with chills and fever. In 1847 my uncle died of an epidemic then prevailing, the flux. My aunt had left home to make a visit to her step-mother at Milton, taking her youngest child, about a year old, which took sick before she reached there, grew worse and died. She knew the husband was sick at home. He could not get to her, and she could not go to him. After the child died she was taken sick, but hastened home as soon as she could travel, to find her husband barely alive, and he died the next day. Another child died in a few days, and we were all sick, but the kind neighbors moved us to another home and we all rapidly recovered. When my aunt kissed her little dying girl, she said, "I expect we will all follow." But she lived many years after, married again and had a second family. We moved to New Holland. I remained with the family for about two years, more or less.

This aunt seemed like a mother to me and I loved her and her family, but she seemed to have family enough to look after, and after a year, it may have been, I had a

call from a settlement some fifteen miles away, called Maple Grove. A family by the name of Shinn, with two sons and no daughter, lived here and wished me to come. They were strict, plain Friends, a little narrow in their views, but good people; and as I afterwards found it a most excellent neighborhood of Friends. A meeting was established here and there were a number of young folks that attended. I was expected to attend meeting, but not in gay clothes. When my wardrobe needed replenishing Uncle David, as I called him, set out with me to the nearest village, Huntington, with the necessary produce, butter, eggs, etc., to make our purchases. They were prudent people with limited means. We went to the best store, no doubt. Our first venture was to get me a bonnet. A bonnet then was a covering for the head, so we selected a Shaker bonnet, as Uncle David thought it the thing; it was inexpensive and shaded my face, a little white ribbon for strings, and a bright pink for lining, as he thought it would not soil so easily as white, and I was delighted with the color. Our purchases made, we hurried out of town, for it was show day, and Uncle David would have thought it sacrilegious to look at the procession. On our way home we met quite a company of our neighborhood young people going to see it, which without doubt was the text for a sermon on the following meeting day. This meeting was then held in a log house, afterwards used for a school, and I went to school one term to Benjamin Coal, and one or two to Nehemiah Brown, both excellent teachers for that day. Here I formed many attachments that have lasted all through my life. One family in particular claim more than a brief mention, John and Margaret Moore and their family. I always found a welcome home with them. Their daughter Jane was near my age and we were boon companions for years. She married and was early left a widow with a dear little boy. Another sister, Sarah, married Nehemiah Brown in 1853, I think. They were married at Maple Grove meeting, notable for the number of attendants of waiters that accompanied them to the altar. There were four or six couples of us; a bright day in June, it was typical of the sunshine that followed the most of their after life. At this home I felt I was always a welcome guest, and they lived to celebrate their golden wedding; at that time only two of their waiters living, Sarah's brother and myself. I could name many others with whom my life

was brought into close touch. The loved friends, so many of them have passed on, but memory holds them dear, as some among the truest I ever had. I was back and forth in this neighborhood, as inclination or duty would call me, for a number of years, taught school here, taught writing school, etc., and helped my friends in various ways. Once I returned from Huntsville, Ind., with David R. Shinn and his young wife, on their bridal tour, in the old fashioned wagon transporting their bridal outfit. The bride's brother, John Kendall, accompanied them. She was a Friend, and a handsome young woman of Milton, Indiana. They went to housekeeping in part of his father's house. When we young people went to congratulate them in the new home, among other tributes of respect were these lines written in the new daughter's album by Father David:

“My son David two weeks away had been,
Then brought home a young wife we had never seen.
Now when we came at our house to meet,
We beheld a fair maid dressed plain and neat;
She wore no flounces nor bustles her sex to disgrace,
But let the dictates of conscience have their proper place.”

This time I came to be with my friends Joshua and Sarah Coal, as they were good friends of mine. Joshua's mother and son Edward lived then in the neighborhood and were frequently there. We were always, I think, good friends. The mother was a good, conscientious woman and was greatly opposed to using anything that came through slave labor. Joshua Coal moved from here to Richmond, Ind., then I made my home for a time at Joseph E. Moore's. It was quite a habit of the young people of the neighborhood to meet at some home to have a good time on first day afternoon. Once we met at Benjamin Coal's. They had a nice level yard after burning brick, so one moonlight night we used this for our play ground, practicing the Westtown skip, taught us by Elizabeth Coal, where she had learned it at headquarters at Philadelphia. I believe this was in 1850. Near this time my Sister Mary was married to Charles W. Moore. She had been teaching in New Holland, where she became acquainted with him. They were married in Dora, Indiana, and went to housekeeping there.

Near this time I taught my first school, in Belden, Hunt-

ington county—a subscription school, so much a pupil and my board, which necessitated many changes, some not so desirable. Some years later I taught a winter school there, boarding at Mr. Shaw's, who were good, kind people. That winter the measles got into my school. I had it with the rest, closing school one week before the term expired. In 1852, if I remember right, I went to Richmond to join Joshua and Sarah Coal, where I remained for a time, and then went to George Arnold's, a very good tailor in Richmond, to learn the trade, and worked with him nearly a year. They believed in the so-called spiritualism. One daughter would seem to fall asleep with but little warning and would speak of things she had no recollection of when awake; but little came of it. After leaving there I worked at my trade until the sewing machines so cheapened hand labor that I gave it up, went to Cousin Isaac Whiteley's to board and go to a very good school they had in the neighborhood, taught by an eastern lady, Nellie Walden. This was the winter after John Brown's raid at Harper's Ferry.. We were all very much exercised over the condition of things, and at our Christmas entertainment we had essays on the subject. I met many good friends here, the most of them Friends indeed. The following summer I left here and went to my brother James' home near Cicero, Indiana, for the purpose of teaching. He had a good wife and two children. This was, I believe, in 1860. I taught a summer school near my brother's, one school also at the Leming school, merely a private school. My first winter school was taught at the Meyers school. I had been selected as teacher. It was a large school. When I went into the school room and saw the large girls and boys, my heart almost failed me. I boarded at Cornelius Overman's; had a pleasant four months' school and a big exhibition at the close. It was a pleasant winter in many ways.

The following winter, I think, I taught there and boarded at George Meyers'; they were very jolly and I thought much of their two little boys; also of the father and mother. After this I taught one or two terms at the George Cornelius school; and boarded with them. I had a large school, some of the pupils a little unmanageable, but it ended quite pleasantly and I have always had the greatest respect for the Cornelius family.

I was teaching here when news of Richmond's surrender

came, and there was much rejoicing with us, and hoping that our absent ones would soon be home. My sister-in-law left the farm and moved into Cicero. My brother came home as soon as he could.

In 1864 Elizabeth Heacock, a dear friend of mine, with myself wished to go to Spiceland Academy, she having some knowledge of it. We found a pleasant boarding place and were greatly interested in it all. Clarkson Davis was the principal, and never was teacher better loved, I think, or more worthy. He was a great sufferer, but his interest was so great he filled his place as long as he could. His wife was also a teacher.

While we were there the never to be forgotten message of Abraham Lincoln's assassination reached us. It was a bright, sunshiny April morning. The town of Spiceland was soon trimmed in mourning, flags waved at half-mast, and all were anxious to know the result. We soon knew the worst. Bells tolled, meetings were held in which all took part. We united in the Nation's grief.

Soon after this I had to leave to go back to Cicero; my brother's wife died suddenly, leaving him with four children. I then made my home with him, but taught a few terms in the Cicero schools. My brother married again, so I seemed at liberty to go my way. I had many dear friends in Cicero. I taught one winter school in Lagro, boarding with my sister Mary and family. She had several children and two little twin boys just ready for their first school. After my school closed I spent some time in visiting my numerous friends in town and country. I had a very dear aunt, of whom I have before spoken, whose home was at New Holland, that I was always glad to be with when I could. She felt to me much like my own mother. Nathan Heacock's family, who had been almost life long friends of mine; Elizabeth, near my age, and a playmate and schoolmate, as well as many others that rise before me for recognition. William McKimmey and family and especially to the family of Lucas Gillingham I would give more than passing notice. The family consisted of father, two sons, two daughters, and a cousin, who had been housekeeper since the mother's death, and in her faithfulness came with them from the city of Philadelphia to the western forest, and into a rustic cabin. We may imagine it required Christian forbearance and fortitude,

all of which was manifest in their lives. A plain log house, simply but comfortably furnished, but in it and through it all was such genuine hospitality that this home seemed to me a palace, for they brought into it the refinement and cultivation of their city lives. They were so genuinely interested in every one that it made them royal entertainers, at least it seemed so to us who had spent the most of our lives among the birds and trees. We were always made so welcome that I fear we sometimes abused our privileges, and were not as thoughtful as we should have been for the extra labor and expense that must fall on some one's shoulders, at a time, too, when they needed to practice economy, for which purpose they had made this great sacrifice. This dear cousin, whom we all loved and who did so much and so unselfishly for the family and friends that came, was soon called to the other home; one daughter married, had two children and died; the father soon followed; others married, and the home was abandoned. But could they know the good that radiated from that humble home as I and many others know and felt it, they would know the sacrifice was not made in vain. Such lives do not end with death. "Pleasure is reflective; if we give it we will feel it." It is hard to estimate the good to be gained from true friends. I have all through my life been greatly blessed in friends, and if I have in the end accomplished any good work I owe it largely to them. Character is made up of small duties faithfully performed, self-denials made for love and duty. "Time is not the measure of a noble work. The coming age will share the joy." "A single virtuous action may elevate a whole village."

One home where I was ever made welcome was John and Margaret Moore's at Maple Grove, Indiana. Their kindness deserves more than brief mention. They were among the very early settlers of the neighborhood, arriving about the year 1837, and from the old canal lock near Silver Creek the road had to be cut for one mile and a half north to enable the covered wagons to pass to the spot on which they had chosen to build. A good spring of water was all that was ready awaiting them. They had to sleep in their wagons until a place could be cleared for a cabin, making clapboards, cutting logs, etc., for the cabin, in which a huge fireplace was built for comfort as well as cooking. They were obliged to build log heaps and fire them to keep the wolves away that

gathered in droves and howled so fiercely that they frightened the poor dogs. Imagine their joy when they got into their new house. They had seven children, four daughters and three sons living. This Friend proffered ground for a meeting house and burial ground. As other Friends settled about them they soon had neighbors, and they had so much love for everyone that their doors were open to all. At the time I was the most frequent visitor was some ten or twelve years after the cabin was built; a better frame building stood near it then, and the cabin used for a kitchen. I remember how white the kitchen floor was; it was sanded and all the wood-work so clean and white. They were models of cleanliness. We were all working people, were ever ready to help each other at raisings, log rollings, harvest time, threshing, quiltings, rag sewings, etc. So much I felt at home here I called the parents father and mother. The children all married, but the youngest daughter and I were very close friends; seemed much like a sister to me. She married later and was early left a widow with one son, a handsome little fellow, his father's pride. He called him the embryo president. Cannot recall the years I was there most, but between the years 1850 and 1865. Taught writing school, boarded there, taught day school, and in many ways was in and out when convenient.

The home of Benjamin and Rebecca Mason was another place of remembrance. I was greatly attached to their children. Sarah was a lovely young girl, some younger than myself, bright and promising, who was very suddenly taken from her family. The father died, the mother left with Samuel and Rebecca. I would sometimes help her over some of the hard places, and on a few occasions went and stayed with Rebecca and Samuel in their mother's absence, as assistant housekeeper. On one occasion I went, and Rebecca and I picked and canned cherries. We were good workers, and then we would feel we must have a little fun, of which Rebecca was usually at the head. Once she thought it would be great fun to dress Samuel as a woman, take him to our near neighbor's, where there were many young folks, and introduce him as one of their Philadelphia cousins just arrived that day. Large hoops were then just going out of style, and his were quite enormous, and gaily dressed, we went just in the twilight, that his features might not tell on him. He wore a thin veil. We carried out the joke for quite a while, but when

the lamps were brought in his hands, feet or tone of voice was detected, and they had a great deal of sport over it.

We three once applied for a summer school at Maple Grove. At the school meeting there was a fourth applicant, and when we found there was no public money withdrew our names. The fourth one got it.

As this is rather a resume of my story, I will now relate an incident that happened, I think, in 1862, soon after my brother James went into the army. His wife and children were living on a little farm he owned quite near her mother's. Her youngest daughter and her husband lived with the mother, but would sometimes leave her for a night or so, when she would have someone go to stay all night with her, or come to this daughter's. One Saturday evening when near dark she came for me to go over and stay all night. I said, "No, you come here. I do not want to leave Dolly and the children." Lon and Mary were small. After much coaxing, she decided to stay, and went to bed in the children's bed, saying, "Call me early in the morning, as I am going to Cicero to meeting if I live." She belonged to the Christian church. The next morning when I awoke the sun was shining. I heard the children laughing and playing, but heard nothing of the mother. Soon I heard the daughter call me to come down. I was upstairs. I went down and found the mother was dead. Had seemed from her looks that the end came without a struggle. The doctor called it heart failure; but I was glad I did not go home with her. I taught one or two schools in this neighborhood; found them very friendly.

In 1864, I think it must have been, I was visiting in Milton, and decided to teach a subscription school, and had the Friends meeting house offered me. I opened, had a pretty good attendance for a few days, then they fell off. I wished a reason for it. I had admitted two black sheep into the flock; some objected to sending their children. I told them I was sorry to lose them, but could not go back on my promise to the colored mother, a poor but respectable washerwoman in the place. I kept right on with the few that came. I think I boarded at Uncle Isaac Wright's. Some of my friends stood by me and said they were glad of the stand I had taken. Samuel Morris said to me one day at meeting, "I am so glad, that here is five dollars to help thee out." Cousin Isaac Whiteley, Sr., said, "I also want to help thee with five."

I taught after this in different places and in the fall of 1868 I made a visit to Des Moines, Iowa, to visit relatives I had not seen for some years. John Milton Coggshall and family were living there, with whom I had a pleasant visit. They had two little boys, the oldest in school. We had a very pleasant visit together. One evening was invited to Mr. James Callanan's to tea. They lived in the city then.

From here I went to LeMars, to visit my youngest sister, who I had not seen for twenty years. Her husband had taken a claim; they had a large family of little children. She seemed full of resources. From the little runaway that we once knew her, she had developed into a very useful woman. The care of her own family gave her experience that was useful, and she was often called upon to administer to others, sometimes in cold and storm to go twenty miles, in a rough wagon, and get for it little or no pay. As school teachers were in demand, I applied for a certificate and attended the examination, and had a school assigned me in a new settlement about three miles from my brother-in-law's, on the bleak prairie and no school building. I opened my school in one room of a private family. There were Germans, English and Canadians. The school room had a stove, table and a bed in it. The table we used for writing. Boards were put around the room to sit on. My boarding place was with an English-Canadian family. Two brothers had taken a claim and put up a house of hewn logs, every log brought thirty miles by an ox team. This house secured both claims. Size of house 16x18, all one room. The single brother had his bed on his side of the house, the married brother on his side. For me a cot was made and it was so near the cookstove I could put my hand on it. It took a good deal of maneuvering to get in and out of bed. Fortunately, the young man was not there much of the time. They were good, pure minded people and I got along very well, but to those used to their own private room it was a little hard to reconcile. I paid \$2.50 a week, I think, for my board, ate without tablecloths, only on Sunday we had a white tablecloth, plum pudding, prairie hen and baked pumpkin with it. I never saw butter on the table while there, nor sugar for tea or coffee. Fortunately for the latter, I never used it. At that time, 1868 and 1869, the prairie schooners were floating around in all directions, big covered wagons loaded with family and goods, seeking homes or to secure

claims. At night they would have to stop wherever darkness overtook them. Sometimes, driven in by a storm, we frequently shared the little room we had with families of movers. On one occasion, in cold weather too, a family stopped, spread their bedding on the floor for six or eight, did their cooking on the stove, and next morning were up early, ate their breakfast and started on. I did not hear a word of complaint from either side.

Our nearest town of any size was Sioux City, twenty miles south of us. LeMars, about four miles from us, was just laid out in town lots, and one store and a few other buildings erected. In this neighborhood at that time there were but few windbreaks large enough to be much protection (though little trees were planted as soon as possible), and the storms were something fearful. If a storm of rain or snow came in the afternoon the teachers were afraid to let the children go home, but often kept them all night. My brother-in-law told of a storm that they could not get to their barn to feed their stock for a day or two, until they fastened a rope to one corner of the house and held on to it until they found the barn, tied the rope to it, then felt their way back and forth. Sometimes travelers would be caught out and all perish or be maimed for life. Neighbor helped neighbor. They kept a fog horn and would sound it when in trouble, which the neighbors would understand and go to their assistance, guided often by the blowing. Even then sometimes if a wayfarer happened to be caught out he would perish. These things changed when the little groves of timber grew. I thought I had a knowledge of the rough times in a timbered country, of bad roads and privations of the log cabin days, but this was very different. This bleak, barren prairie, where they used corn cob fuel, not always stopping to take the corn off, where coal was scarce, their only wood a few willows that grew along the Floyd river, a very small stream to be dignified by the name river.

I continued in this school until sometime in February, 1870, when I had a call to a freedman's school in Mt. Pleasant, South Carolina. I was expecting the call and as I was urged to come immediately, I notified the directors and they found a young man to finish the unexpired term, and I made ready to leave while a thick blanket of snow covered the ground. My sister and her husband went with me to Sioux City, Iowa, and I took a train for Philadelphia on the 28th of February.

The snow was so deep in places that it was even with the car windows. It was a new and novel sight to me to watch the changes. Finally snow disappeared and mud and rain took its place. I reached Philadelphia in the evening about ten o'clock. In the morning I called on Dr. Childs, 634 Race street, a brother-in-law of Cornelia Hancock, to whose school at Mt. Pleasant, South Carolina, I was going.

I stayed a day or two in Philadelphia, then continued my way by boat, going with Captain Hinkley. The boat was not the best, but afforded cheaper transportation than by rail. I was anxious to try it. The crew were very kind, but I was very sick and thought seasickness awful; and to make it worse we had quite a rain storm. My stove upset, but it had no fire in it. I had to hold to my berth to keep from falling out. We were a part of three days on the water. One day I was on deck watching the great ocean and saw a whale, its outlines, and the water flying from its spout.

We arrived at Charleston on the morning of the 6th of March, 1870, crossed the ferry to Mt. Pleasant, met old Aunt Jane, who looked after the light house mail. This was before an office was established at Mt. Pleasant. This old auntie was honest and faithful. She died in a few years and there was quite an obituary written on the occasion. It was a bright, lovely morning. With Aunt Jane's help I found the light house, where the teachers made their homes; a nice, light, airy building on the beach of Charleston harbor. Much of the front was glass, and was built for the light house tender and his family. It had a nice long porch fronting the water, where we could watch the ebb and flow of the tide, with a magnificent view of the ocean, Ft. Sumter, Ft. Moultrie, Castle Pinckney, Charleston city, the islands and a hundred things all new to me. Besides, the soft sunshine, after the snowy winter, seemed a paradise. Birds were singing, children playing in the sand, flowers blooming, the lovely jasmine was in flower, and the teachers, Miss Hancock and Miss Munro, came in from school loaded with the fragrant yellow blossoms. I almost wondered if it was I and how it all happened; which would be subject for quite an epistle. My dear friend and schoolmate, of whom I have spoken, Elizabeth Heacock, taught here the year before, then came home to Indiana and was married to Theodore Gillingham. She made my entrance as sewing teacher possible. I soon entered into and adapted myself to

the condition of things. I had a class of women who came to sew. We paid each something for her work, then the pupils of the school came in classes as they could be best spared from their books. This school at Mt. Pleasant was established in 1865 by Cornelia Hancock, of Philadelphia, for the aid and elevation of the freedmen. The first session was taught in a big old Presbyterian church in the village that had been used as a hospital for our wounded soldiers. Without books, or slates, or chalk, the children crowded in, bare-footed, bare-headed and with but little clothing. With a firecoal she gave them their first lessons, using the old-fashioned pillars of the church for a blackboard. The children came, and the parents came to see if they had a school, sure. So many came she had to have help; they got better quarters and a new school house was built and clothing and books sent. Henry M. Laing, of Philadelphia, was the beneficiary of this school, which bore his name. It had two teachers with an assistant when I arrived. I had both boys and girls for a part of the day. The boys did basket making of palmetto and a long grass. The girls sewed and braided palmetto for hats. I also had the little boys come and gave them something to do for a change, if only to make lamp lighters. Miss Abby B. Francis, a niece of Lydia Maria Childs, her home in Cambridge, Mass., supported this part of the work; a noble, philanthropic lady. She occasionally visited us. We divided our household duties between us, making it light for all.

Our school closed about the first of June and the teachers left for their northern homes. As I went in March, I did not wish to leave, so three of us, Miss Hancock, Miss Cargill, a lady from Augusta, Maine, and myself, took a cottage on Sullivan's Island, only a short boatride from Mt. Pleasant, thinking it would be more healthy. The yellow fever broke out in Charleston and the great demand for houses on the island enabled us to part with our first house with enough extra to get a small cottage on the back beach. Here we settled, when Cornelia decided to go to Philadelphia. I divided my time between Mt. Pleasant and the island, as I kept my school open all summer. About the last of September a very worthy, interesting Methodist minister, his wife and mother-in-law asked to share our island home, as the fever was raging so they were afraid to longer remain in the city. We made them very welcome, were glad to have them. But the next day after com-

ing he was taken sick. He had charge of a large colored congregation and was overworked. He was ill some days, when his wife's mother was also taken ill. Her illness was severe from the first and she lived only three days. She was a sister-in-law of Elihu Burrett, a very interesting woman. The son-in-law died forty-eight hours later, and when the little boats returned from laying her body away they found another body ready. And now as the husband and mother were gone, the wife said she would return to the city, as she could but die there, and her colored people could wait on her. We bid her adieu with a sad heart, thinking most likely we, too, would follow, as the disease was most fatal with northern people. She had the disease in a light form, recovered and went to her New England home, we heard. I had but little hope of escaping, as we had been exposed to it. Miss Cargill and I were left. We had the house disinfected and took every precaution. The doctor said not to expose ourselves to night air and drink plenty of coffee. I felt a fear I might take it and spread it over the village. But some of my good, true colored friends came to me and said, "This is your home, Miss Stanton, stay right here. If you get sick you shall have the best care we can give you. Your friends are here. We could not go to the island and you would fall into the hands of strangers." This was Rebecca Jackson and her sister, whom I have had on more than one occasion to remember.

The following year I was very willing to go north when vacation came, but it was late before our teachers could return that year to open school, as only a hard black frost would kill the germs.

The following year I went to Huntington, Indiana, to see my dear sister Mary and family. One of her twin boys was in very poor health that summer, some lung disease, though the dear boy was struggling manfully to hide his bad feelings. I thought a visit with me to my brother Isaac's would perhaps do him good. He went, I think, more to please the rest of us than himself, trying so bravely to appear well, but he was suffering all the time he was away and, I think, died in less than a year. Having many relations to visit in Indiana, I could not spend very much time with one.

About the first of October I returned to my school. There was quite a company of northern teachers in the city of Charleston, at the Avery School, the Shaw Memorial School,

and a Presbyterian school called the Mary Street School. All these teachers made frequent visits to our Mt. Pleasant home. The superintendent of Shaw Memorial School was Mr. Arthur Sumner. Professor Sumner was a gentleman from his polished shoes to his neat cravat. He married late in life, and had his young wife and little boy with him. The year I went they had a good company of interesting teachers, all I think from Boston. Misses Mary and Laura Pierce were very frequent visitors at our house, and we always enjoyed them.

We frequently made excursions on the water to some island or old plantation, taking our lunch baskets and having a good time. One bright sunshiny morning a large company of us, with Professor Sumner in his white coat, pants and vest, bright with anticipation of the good time before us, besides the good things we had with us to eat, were to lunch on oysters right out of the water at the east end of Sullivan's Island. We had a mile or more to walk on a very pretty, solid beach, but before we were through our luncheon it began to rain. Our boat leaked and we had rather an uncomfortable time of it. The breakers rolled and tumbled. I think I see ourselves on our homeward way as we walked along the beach, and yet hear the thundering of old ocean's angry billows. Professor Sumner, in his white suit, wet through, was a very uncomfortable man. Professor Warren, in his summer suit, was equally disgusted. But we were all so interested in watching Professor Sumner that the discomfort of the rest of us seemed of little importance. But we got to our ferryboat, glad to be under shelter, and arrived at our homes, feeling that in picnics the anticipation was often brighter than the reality.

But another excursion which some of this party and myself made was up the Ashley river to the old Middleton plantation. It has for years been kept for the purpose of drawing crowds to it during the summer. Its many magnolia trees give to one part of the grounds the name of "Magnolia Garden," and at the time we visited it, in May I think, it seemed a paradise of bloom. Azalias of all shades almost, roses, japonicas, honeysuckles, fringe plants, the smoke tree, its foliage at a little distance resembling a cloud of smoke; all mingled with the hanging moss or talanthea that accumulates on the great mammoth live oaks in great profusion.

The little fountains, rustic bridges, hillsides and hot houses were beautiful beyond description. We spread our lunch, made our coffee with the assistance of some of the gardeners, then we proceeded to take in Drayton Hall, near by, but much in ruins, but a historical spot much in evidence for the romance connected with it. How much is truth I know not, but the story briefly told is that Mr. Middleton, a gentleman in England, wished to marry a young lady in England, perhaps of London, and bring her to America. She consented, provided he could furnish her with a home in America identical with her father's mansion. So Mr. Middleton came to Charleston, sometime in the seventeenth century I think, and set out to find the most favorable spot for the beautiful home he wished to give his bride, and selected this spot, sixteen miles from Charleston on the Ashley river. Charleston at that time was not much more than a name perhaps. All the material was to be brought from England to insure its likeness to the father's mansion. No cost nor work was spared to make it identical. But Mr. Middleton wished to remain to see it all in order, as he could not trust his sacred promise in the hands of others. He remained in this climate too late in the fall, took the country fever and died. On these back waters, when vegetation begins to decay it is unsafe to remain, especially for the whites, and all try to get as near the ocean as they can. So this is the story of the unfinished house. His relatives would not dispose of it for any other purpose and it is called Drayton Hall.

Another place we liked sometimes to go was to John's Island. Miss Mary A. Sharp taught a freedmen's school there. She used some confiscated southern home buildings for the purpose of making a home for herself, and teaching. The one used for a school building had more than one room in it, and finding after she had taught a while that some of the larger children had to stay at home to look after the babies, she told them to come and bring the babies with them. So they did, and made a playhouse of one of these rooms and had the larger children take turns in looking after them. She told us in that way she had quite a full attendance, and it was a great relief to the mothers, who could go out to work to make a little, though on this island there were but few whites. She went there very soon after the war closed, and could tell many anecdotes of sham battles, etc. How well the

colored people liked to keep up the practice of drilling for service, and to not make it too public to show their mistakes, they would go to the cornfield or some out of the way place, with someone for captain. He would say: "All in line. Now mind your orders. Boots front, shoes in de middle, and bare-foots behind." She seemed greatly interested in the colored people, and thought they could hardly get along without her. Especially at the time of presidential elections she felt it her duty to be with them, not only to tell them how to vote, but to see that they did it right. In 1876, after the election returns came in, the south was in a state of fermentation, and we felt best not to return until we could know the final decision, whether it was Hayes or not; but she was there side by side with them. She said she went to the voting precinct, stood by the line as they passed up to deposit their votes, and saw every ticket. Much deception was used, she thought, to make them vote for the democratic party. The republican ticket was headed by a rooster, and as the colored men could not read they went by sight. The democrats got possession of some of the tickets and printed the rooster at the head of theirs, so she had to look sharp to save the day for them. She taught there a few years longer, then went as a missionary to Africa, and is still at Mouravia. She has established, she says, a mission of her own; teaches, preaches, and expects to spend her life among the heathens. We have very interesting letters from her.

In the summer of 1874 Miss Abby Francis invited me to her pleasant home in Cambridge, Mass., to spend my vacation. She lived alone, but took in a few boarders for company. Her father was a brother of Lydia Marie Child, and the summer I was with her this Aunt Maria was in poor health. Her home was at Wayland, Mass., and Miss Francis made her frequent visits. While there I frequently met Mrs. Cheney, a very intimate friend of Miss Francis, and she contributed to the support of my industrial school, of which Miss Francis was head originator. Miss Munro came and visited me here. Her home was at Bristol, R. I. She told me of a great tidal wave they had at Charleston, S. C., that swept away the walls of the strong battery, a sea wall to keep the water in place, but the overflow did great damage to shipping as well as private property and life. One of our colored friends and his boat, in which we had made many excursions, was carried out to

sea and was never heard of afterwards; and damage was also done to our lighthouse property.

I went that year for a few days to Magnolia Beach, not far from Lynn, Mass.; visited Cape Ann, and met with friends I had known at Charleston.

I visited Miss Munro at her home at Bristol, R. I., and met a former pupil of her's, James C. Robbins, who decided to accompany Miss Munro to Mt. Pleasant, with the hope of getting a school there. His mother was a light colored woman, the father a white man. He had been educated by two wealthy white ladies, sisters, living near Bristol. He was quite a smart youth nearing his twentieth birthday. He went to Mt. Pleasant, got a school, taught three months and was well liked. When the term closed he returned to his home. The following year he went to Hampton, Va., where General Armstrong found him very useful. He made a trip to Europe in the interest of Hampton Normal and Industrial school. Then in May of 1876 he was sent to Philadelphia in charge of the negro and Indian educational and industrial works displayed at the Centennial. He returned to Hampton for a short time, then went to Oakland, Calif., to attend the Theological Seminary. I have not heard from him since.

About the first of June, 1876, Miss Munro and I came to Philadelphia to visit the Centennial. By invitation we went to Henry M. Laing's for a week, and enjoyed their hospitality greatly. They were so kind. The Centennial we thought great, being the first of the kind we had visited, and were pleased and surprised at the perpetual displays, one after another.

Miss Munro went on to her Bristol home. I remained in Germantown with a dear cousin of my mother's, widow of Peter Wright. She made her home with her son, Edward, and they wished me to stay as companion for her. We had many pleasant drives together. I met relatives from Indiana, Isaac L. Whitely, wife and son, and others who came to attend the Centennial; also spent some time with Lydia King, who had taken a house at 301 South Eighth street and kept boarders. She and Emily Howland came to our home in March, 1876. Lydia remained three months at Mt. Pleasant. She was in poor health and came to recuperate. Her home was at Sherwood, N. Y. We enjoyed her stay, and made some excursions which we will never forget. A visit at Miss Sharp's

on the Wando river, a moonlight ride of twelve miles to a typical southern home, where we spent the night. The sumptuous lunch provided for the excursion down the river showed true southern hospitality. Miss King returned to Philadelphia, greatly improved in health, and in that year, 1876, opened a boarding house in Philadelphia in partnership with a friend, which was very successful for many years.

In this year, I think, a graduate from Charleston came as assistant in our school, Carrie Lining, a Charleston pupil, and was very satisfactory for two or three years.

Another pupil of the Avery School at Charleston was Sallie ——, a pupil of Miss Munro's when she taught in Charleston; a bright little girl who, upon inquiry, was found to be the daughter of a white man from near Bristol, her home. The mother needed assistance to keep her daughter in school. Miss Munro took his address and wrote him to meet her at her home during vacation. He came, and she told him of her investigation and the needs of the child and mother. He admitted the truth and said he was glad to hear from them and gave her means for helping them, and told her to let him know when she needed more. Thus for a time he helped them, then the mother died, and he furnished means for the daughter to go to Miss Munro's home and enter school. Afterwards she was a pupil of Friends' school at Providence, R. I. Then the father decided to take her to his own home. Although he had children grown and near Sallie's age, he passed for her guardian. The children may have suspected the relationship. I only hear that in time she married her own color. She could have married a white man, her own color was so light, but she would not. Carrie, our assistant, went to Philadelphia and married. She had many troubles, but had the comfort of nice children I think, and she was ambitious to give them a good education. I remained in this school until the summer of 1897. Then I left. Cornelia Hancock resigned the year before.

That we had our pleasant and unpleasant experiences with the ex-slaves, this little incident shows. In the winter of 1872 we had our little Freedman's store robbed of the things most valuable. It contained second-hand clothing, also new material, to supply the industrial department, of which I had charge. We had a colored woman who used our sewing machine for her own benefit, as she was a dressmaker, and she

attended to the customers that came during the hours I was with my classes. The store was well advertised, for many were the callers that only came for a chat with her. They always seemed to have leisure for that. One conversation I happened to hear, as the narrator was greatly excited and was telling of some man she had met that cursed her. Another woman said, "You say he cuss you? No man can cuss you; the cuss words fall back on he own shoulders. God can cuss you, but no man can." Which was met with a general, "That's so." The store was in our school building, and one Friday night during the Christmas holidays someone got in, thinking that they would get well away before we found it out. But early the following morning Mrs. Wigfall, the dress-maker, had occasion to go to the room and saw the condition of things and came right to our house, greatly alarmed, to tell us they had almost cleaned out the room; had taken a neighbor's dress that she had for a pattern. What was she to do? The woman would think she had stolen it. Well, it would never do to fold our hands and say there was no help for it. Different ones gave advice. One storekeeper said, "My way is to estimate my loss and add it to my selling price, and the others must make it good." Then I said, "The innocent must suffer with the guilty." "We count all guilty until the debt is paid," he said.

Another Southern white man, who I think disliked us teachers very much, said to me, "I hear you have had goods stolen. I tell you, madam, you are wasting your time teaching the niggers. A nigger is a nigger, and a hog is a hog, and that is all you can make of them. You will never see your goods again." Delighted, I think, for the opportunity to say it. If rumor was right, he was very nearly related to some of these hogs himself. I wanted to tell him "We have tracked the culprits and have our goods all safe back in the store, and I am now on my way to the court house, as the trial comes up this morning." But for certain reasons we wished to keep it a secret until after the trial. But I knew he would soon find it out.

We determined to make an example of this case. From the home of one special colored friend we got the clew to work on. It is very hard to get one colored person to inform against another; not that they sanction the act, but for fear of receiving some personal injury. But we found that a family

of rather suspicious character had left the village the day after the things were taken, had been up all Friday night getting ready, and were to leave the Northeastern depot at 8 p. m. It was then 4 p. m. I went to our home, told Miss Hancock and Miss Munro. Isaac, an oysterman, who owned a sail boat and frequently took us out, was at our house, and his boat was at the wharf near by. We ate our suppers. He was all anxiety to catch the thief. He took us to Charleston. Miss Hancock went to the police office to secure a detective. Miss Munro and I went to the depot to see if we could discover anything of the family. We saw, but appeared not to see them. Miss Hancock and the detective remained outside. When a man stepped up to enter the depot with a large package on his back, the detective stepped up and said, "What might your name be, sir?" "Peter Swineburg is my name." Miss Hancock said, "Mr. Detective, I will introduce you to Peter Goodwin." "Mr. Goodwin," he said, "we have a little business with you." "Wait," he said, "until I take this feather bed to my wife, who goes on the train." "We will attend to the feather bed," they said. Just then he was hurried into the ambulance. The train rolled by, the wife and children rushed out, as she had been told of the husband's arrest, she was arrested, and they were all taken to the detective station. The feather bed was a package of our stolen property. They went through the trunks and found nearly all that belonged to us. The man went to jail, the wife and children left the neighborhood.

I have been frequently asked about the stealing habits of these people. I found but little occasion to condemn them. I believe we do them a real injury when we fail to pass over dishonesty as only a little matter. When conscientiously followed up and the evils shown them, there is more hope of helping them.

One other incident. One summer, my first there, I was much of the time alone, and I thought someone visited the house when I was out, perhaps to get food, and once I was sure some money was taken. So to catch the thief, I had a colored woman come to the house secretly, and I let it be known that I was going to the city. Soon after I had started she heard a window raise. She unexpectedly appeared. It was a neighbor boy. He ran, but begged of her not to tell on him. After my return in the evening I went to his mother,

who lived near, and told her of what I had missed in money and jewelry, and told her if he would return it I would give him time to earn the money and not arrest him, and deprive her, a widow, of her son's help. The boy owned up and gave back the stolen property and paid me as he could for all he had taken at different times, and we were good friends. I believe there would be fewer thefts if they were thus followed up and not passed over too lightly.

It was with regrets that I left this interesting work, but my lack of hearing interfered with my usefulness and it was thought best. In the spring of 1880 I returned to Huntington, Indiana, to my brother-in-law's, Charles Moore. On the 14th of October of that year his daughter Alice was married to Mr. Emmet Shanks. In a short time after I went, by invitation, to Cambridge City, Indiana, to my cousin Isaac L. Whitley's, to spend the winter. We had a pleasant Christmas together.

In the spring I decided to take a house in Cambridge City and try keeping boarders. This was in 1881. Mary Brown, a daughter of Nehemiah and Sarah Brown, joined me. We put our house in order, but failed to get the boarders, so after a few months gave it up, a few dollars out of pocket. I then went to Earlham College, Richmond, Indiana, for a few months to assist the matron. After Christmas I left Earlham and went to Richmond to visit friends there. I found Eliza Moore, Jonathan's wife, very ill; remained until after her death, which occurred in a few days. They all wished me to remain with them, and as Jonathan was almost blind, I went to yearly meeting with him and to different meetings that he wished to attend, and remained with him nearly a year.

After a short time I returned to Philadelphia, as Lydia King wished my assistance. This was in the spring of 1883. She was almost prostrated. I took entire charge of her boarding house, and she went home to her mother's and remained several weeks. She returned greatly improved and able to go on for several years. I think she had this house at 301 South Eighth street for twenty years, and then only gave it up because her landlord sold it to the Penn Hospital for their own use.

My next move was to go to Wrightsville, at Point Breeze, a suburb of Philadelphia, in the coke and gas works, filled with all classes of workers. The daughter of James A.

Wright, from whom it took its name, had leased it for a number of years, to try to improve the condition of the place. My friend, Cornelia Hancock, was engaged to collect rent and in other ways assist her in making a respectable place of it. They wished me to go and take a house and report proceedings. I went, I think, in 1884. It was indeed a hard place, poor police force, houses dirty, cellars full of all kinds of filth, streets not lighted, and drunken brawls daily of which I could fill chapters. A less fearless person would have hesitated to venture. I remained about two years, taught night school for the boys, had sewing classes for the girls, a library, and had evening readings. Soon more houses were put up and with the united efforts of all they moved on apace; and now with the continuance of Miss Wright and Miss Hancock it is quite a respectable place.

I remained about two and a half years, I think, and then Miss Wright sent me to New England to look after and assist a former teacher of her's living near Providence, R. I. She had a mother almost blind, and the caring for her interfered with her literary labors, by which she made their living. It was kind and generous of Miss Wright, but not altogether welcome to them to have a stranger sent them, and I only remained six months. The daughter seemed glad of the help, but the mother did not.

From there I went to Boston, Mass., then made a visit to Miss Munro's home at Bristol, R. I. Then to Townsend to see a friend and teacher of my Charleston days, Miss Proctor. She and her niece taught at the Avery school in Charleston and frequently came to visit our Mt. Pleasant home. We took many excursions together, and the friendship then formed remains fresh, as our connections with the Warrens and others of our friends there are lasting. Miss Proctor married in later life; her husband did not live many years. The niece married, had four nice boys, then after a few years died.

After a pleasant visit here I returned to Philadelphia for a time, making my home at James A. Wright's, at Germantown, and attending to some duties at Wrightsville for his daughter, who still had the care of the place. I found it much improved in my absence under the care of herself and Cornelia Hancock. James A. Wright was a cousin of my mother's. It was a pleasant home and all were kind, but Edith, in particular, I shall ever have occasion to remember.

In the spring of 1891, my cousin, Albert Pike, of Wabash, wished me to come and stay with them for a while. I went there, and the next year I went to Chicago as housekeeper for a dressmaker who lived at Lagrange, a suburban village. She was away in Chicago all day, as her work was there, coming home for supper and breakfast. She had a husband and two little boys for me to look after. I was not well and the work and care of the children were too much for me. I was prostrated with la grippe. I could not have lived, I think, had it not been for two dear friends of Huntington, who were in business in Chicago, and came alternately when each could best leave her work, for the two or three weeks that I was too ill to be up. When able I went with Mary Brown, one of my nurses, to her boarding place in Chicago, stayed a week, then decided to make a visit to Des Moines, as I had not visited my cousin there for some years. This cousin had lost her husband and one son not long before. I also went to LeMars to visit my sister's family. There I found changes in family and surroundings. It seemed now a country of timber. The dear sister had been called away, the family married and scattered, and one daughter a widow.

After a good visit I returned to Des Moines to spend the winter at my cousin's, as she wished it. She had two sons and a daughter, one son in Harvard College, the other son and the daughter in school here. In this pleasant home I remained for over five years, with but little to do. I felt sometimes that I must do something, if it was only to bake a kind of gingersnap that some of my friends liked very much. It is said, "One cannot be so hedged in but what there remains some one thing we can do, if it is not just the thing we would like. It may be a stepping stone to something better."

In 1896 I returned to Indiana, feeling sad to leave this pleasant home. While there I received a proposition from Miss Howland, of Sherwood, New York, to go to Virginia and open an industrial school at Howland. Miss Howland had established a school here soon after the war and the place bears her name. She has been supporting the school ever since. This, briefly, is its history as I have it: "Emily Howland was the daughter of Slocum Howland, a noted abolitionist and a helper of the colored race. About the close of the war she, with other young women, went south to teach the freedmen; first in the camp in Washington, where over 1,000

people were crowded into barracks that had been used by McClelland's cavalry. These people were refugees sent in from the front as the army advanced. Later they were moved across the river to the Arlington estate and the camp broken up. Here they worked the land. This teacher followed them and continued her work. Some of the people often discussed their future with her; they thought Uncle Sam ought to give them some land. These thoughts suggested inquiry, that resulted in Emily finding a large tract of land which could be bought at a moderate price near Heathsville, Northumberland county, Virginia, and other parts of the old domain. Her father purchased 350 acres for her to try the experiment of giving a chance for a few families to buy homes of their own. Some families came and in the spring of 1867 she followed them down the Potomac. A log house was furnished in which to open school; soon a better house was put up, giving the parents encouragement to buy homes, letting them have their own time to pay for it. Soon a settlement was formed four miles south of Heathsville, her name being given it." She soon had to return to her home, but this school has been kept up by her ever since, having one teacher for eight months in the year. In the fall of 1897 I went and occupied a building as soon as it could be used, for a teacher's home, and whatever industrial works might be added. This home was sitting in one corner of a corn field with shocks of corn all about it. I secured a young colored girl to stay with me and go to school and save herself a four mile walk. We had a very full school that winter and I was very happy in my work. In the spring Miss Howland came to see us and saw how crowded I was for room, and made plans for building an annex in which was to be several rooms, a good cellar and a store room, as we were to keep second-hand clothing to dispose of. That winter her brother William's wife and daughter made us a little visit on their way from Florida. Our school closed the first of June, and about this time the building commenced. I remained the most of the summer to look after it. On the 17th of September I left for Philadelphia. I had been quite sick part of the summer. I went to Atlantic City for a few weeks to the Mercer Home, a home for invalid women, near the beach. I had the company often of my friend Elizabeth Gillingham and family. In October I returned to find the building not quite finished.

I found a very dirty house to clean. Sophrona Christopher stayed with me. Our school was large and interesting, but we had a hard winter. A heavy snow stopped for some days all travel; our mail did not get to us for twelve days; the drifts were four to six feet deep in places, and children could not get to school for days. In the spring a lady friend of Miss Davenport's came for about ten days' rest. Her home was in Baltimore, and she came by boat, as we had no railroads nearer than fifty miles.

After school closed this year I was quite sick. This was in 1899. Eliza Day helped me to get ready to leave, as I was going to Miss Howland's home at Sherwood. I was hardly able to travel, but Eliza wanted to go to get work somewhere, so I took her with me to Philadelphia, where, through help, she got a good place, but kept it only a week, being too homesick to stay longer.

I rested a few days at Dr. Childs, then went on to Sherwood to spend the summer. Miss Howland was that year in Europe, where she had gone to the Peace convention. She left a house-keeper at home. It was lovely and cool at this pleasant home, and I gained daily in strength and health. Miss Howland had kindly given us liberty to sometimes use her horse, "Olive," to take some drives. So when convenient we sometimes had nice drives over the hills and along the valleys overlooking Cayuga Lake and the villages. Miss King came to visit her mother and sister, and we had some pleasant visits together.

I remained at Miss Howland's until the 12th of October, then Miss Victoria Bradley joined me, and Benjamin Brewster, Miss Howland's faithful tenant, took us to Freeville, New York, or rather to the train that took us there, to visit the George Junior Republic, of which I had heard so much. We found the half had not been told us. We spent a half day in this community and were greatly interested. It is a republic of boys and girls gathered in for the purpose of bettering their condition; none are so bad but they are admitted and are taught self-government. They must make and enforce their own laws, have their own court room, jail, stores; have their own currency, that will pass no where but in their republic; buy their clothing, and pay their board. It is an established law if a girl or boy will not work they cannot eat. Boys of twelve years of age were lawyers, marshals, etc. They

have their own grocery stores and must earn their own clothes and pay for them with this currency, and are taught the true value of money. The girls work side by side with the boys. The girls were librarians, housekeepers, dressmakers, did laundrying and were allowed so much a day or week for their work. They have their savings bank and some have quite a little to their credit. The boys worked on the farm, of several hundred acres I think; some were carpenters, brick masons, blacksmiths; held their own court, and tried and convicted unruly members. I thought it wonderful.

From there I came on to Philadelphia. Miss Howland had told me to secure another teacher if I could on my return, as there seemed too many pupils for two of us. By the help of Cornelia Hancock I secured a graduate from the kindergarten training school, who was just out of school and anxious for a position. She asked if we had an organ in our school. I told her no, but thought Miss Howland would like to have one. I wrote Miss Howland and she fell in with the idea and told us to get one and take it with us. We soon secured one and went our way. The music seemed a delight, as all colored people like it, and children think they could play after a few lessons. While the novelty lasted we were crowded, but they soon dropped off, only a few of the faithful continuing, as is the way. Girls from the country and from other neighborhoods came and I rented rooms in our house. Six girls at one time came, who boarded themselves and took lessons in sewing, in books, and in music. I also tried to teach them domestic economy and housekeeping.

I am often asked my opinion of the negro problem. As I have had some years' experience with them, I would say we find much the same characteristics we see in the white race. The color seems only the outward coating. I have spent nearly twenty years of my life with them. I have found in them genuine friendship, and in some true appreciation of the labor put forth for their elevation.

The children, like all others, vary in degree of faculty. Some are slow, others quick. The work in which I felt the greatest interest was in teaching them to make pleasant, healthy homes. In this respect there is great reformation needed. And the hope is in the children. Every teacher should endeavor to instill this into their lives by example as well as precept. I held the position of industrial teacher at

Mt. Pleasant, S. C., and for ten years in Virginia. In the latter place my work was more varied. I came more in contact with the people, saw more of their lives and better knew their needs. To supply the need of home industry, the hand as well as the head needed training. Our school building was near our home building. In one room of this home I had my class of girls, who came in at the hour they could be best spared from their lessons, some in the forenoon, some in the afternoon. I taught them to sew, cut and make garments, and gave special lessons in making buttonholes, repairing garments, knitting, etc. Sometimes I would see a broken thread in their own clothing and would supply them with a garment while they mended their own or worked buttonholes in them and sewed on buttons. They at first objected to this, but in time came to ask for needle and thread to do it. This I thought a very hopeful feature of the work, repairing their own clothes. I gave them lessons in sweeping, dusting, bed making, cleaning windows, airing their rooms, and other talks on domestic science. This was to the larger. We could not hope to keep them long, as they have to go to the cities to "service."

But the little ones were always interesting, so eager to show their stitches or knitting. Our room was made attractive with pictures on the walls, mottoes, and a good fire, which insured at least one hour of real comfort out of the twenty-four of cramped, uncomfortable quarters that some of them occupied. I think it seemed a little heaven to them to be in school, often in their bare feet in snowy weather. The feet of others would be in a still worse condition, in cast off shoes of some older brother or sister, with the sole and upper tied together with strings; feetless stockings that only kept their feet water soaked. Fortunately, we from our pile of second-hand clothes could sometimes supply better ones, and after a good foot bath and better shod their faces would beam with happiness. Not only the feet, but the back as well was supplied from old garments we had cut and made and put on the backs of some whose mothers were too indifferent to keep their children properly clothed. With some it would be greatly appreciated. They would send us wood, sweet potatoes or eggs, which were the same to us as money.

Our store, of which I have spoken, was for supplying material for the sewing school and for the sale of second hand

clothing, with which our northern friends supplied us. It was a great blessing. Our customers came from miles around, and to the poor respectable whites we gave an equal opportunity on just the same terms that we did the colored. Our cobbling shop was a great benefit to the school and the country people for miles came to have work done, and many of the pupils became quite expert in half-soleing, and it seemed to arouse the feeling generally among the pupils that they, too, might stop a leak or save a sole with a little ingenuity and pegging. Another work the little girls enjoyed, and was a change from their regular lessons, was clipping and pasting pictures in scrap books. It was a flourishing school. We had a nice Christmas tree, with candy, etc.

In the spring Miss Young's cousin, Miss Barr, came to stay a few weeks before school closed, and Miss Young returned to Philadelphia with her. I remained to put the house in readiness for leaving, as every year I took up the carpets, secured the clothing from the moths, which troubled us greatly. Then I went to Baltimore and stopped a few days with Miss Davenport at the Half-way House, as she called her home. She was always very kind. I took her some cherries to can. She lived with her aged mother, who was a great care. This year I went by water to Boston; left on the boat Juanita on June 22. The passage was not eventful. A few hours we laid by for fog, and stopped some hours at Newport News and Norfolk to take on freight. We got into Boston at night and stayed on the steamer until morning, then took train for Townsend, Mass., to spend a few weeks with my friend, Mrs. Ball; a beautiful little place, the air so pure and good, everyone so friendly. In view were mountains, hills and valleys. Wachusett mountain, not far from Fitchburg, ten miles from here, shows very plainly of a clear day. Watatic mountain and neighboring summits stand out in bold relief as we look to the setting sun from the hills about Townsend. Long after many of the neighboring counties were settled this part of Middlesex county remained an unbroken wilderness, so history says. Even the Indian had no permanent abode nearer than Lancaster. The territory of some of the oldest towns was bought of the Indians for a few pounds of tobacco and some worthless trinkets.

I spent part of July and August at Townsend, then by invitation I was to go to Boston to meet my cousins from Des

Moines, Iowa, the Coggeshalls, who were to spend two weeks in the vicinity of Boston, Mass., and attend the wedding of George, Cousin Mary's eldest son.

I left Townsend for Boston on August 27, 1900. Cousin Corinne met me at the station and we went to their boarding place, the Arlington. It was a hot day. As we were not far from the "Common," we walked through the Public Garden, over to the Shaw Memorial, then to the Woman's Journal office and saw Mr. Blackwell.

Tuesday, August 28. Still very warm. Corinne and I went out to do some shopping. After we returned Mr. and Miss Blackwell called to see Cousin Mary, and that afternoon we all went out to Beverly to take up our abode there for some days. Harry had secured rooms for us at Mrs. Williams' on Lathrop street, the house near the water.

August 30. Corinne went into Boston. Cousin Mary Harry and I took trolley for Marble Head; first to Salem, then over on the ferry. We went to a hotel on the neck, took dinner, then walked out on a wall of solid rock that has been lashed for centuries by the tide and waves. We sat on them and saw the vessels out at sea and smaller boats coming in, and got back to Beverly about 5 p. m.

August 31. Beautiful, fair day. I walked out on the beach, picked shells, and borrowed a bathing suit and took a bath.

September 1. Cousin Mary and I went to Magnolia Beach, a summer resort that I visited in 1874. We took a hack from the depot to Appletree Cottage and met here Mrs. Farley, who is Mrs. Ball's sister, who walked down to the beach with us, showed us the best places to find shells, and told us to come back in time for luncheon. We remained until about 3 p. m., then went back to the cottage, took light luncheon. Then Mrs. Farley took us to see some Indians' tents, who always spend the summer there. We bought some little things; they make many baskets. Then Mrs. Farley took us through some of the most elegant hotels, and later we took hack back to the train for Beverly. The days were all beautiful.

September 4. We went into Boston. I bought some little sherbet glasses to give the bride and groom. We went in the

evening to Dr. Torrey's to see the wedding presents, which were numerous and very elegant.

September 6 was the eventful day long looked forward to. At 4 p. m. the company met in Dr. Torrey's parlor, and oh! it was so hot. After the ceremony and congratulations were over, refreshments were passed, and then the bride and groom slipped off, as they thought, slyly; but a shower of rice and some old shoes followed them, and also some other marks of the newly married.

On the 7th Cousin Mary and son and daughter started on their return trip; I back to Townsend, where I stayed a week longer, and returned by steamer, the Miner and Merchants' line, as I had a return ticket, \$20.00, I think. I had a pleasant return, met on board a Miss Clark, who had been on to Providence, R. I., a teacher in the Hartshorn school at Richmond, Virginia. She was very pleasant and I enjoyed her company. When the boat got to Norfolk, I took trolley for the Hampton school, to meet the boat later in the day at Newport News. I had a very pleasant visit at Hampton and took luncheon with them. The school proper had not opened, but I met many of the teachers; some had returned, some had stayed all summer, and I was shown about and saw the changes that had taken place since my last visit. I then went to Old Point Comfort, took car to the boat, got to Baltimore some time that night, and came on to Howland, finding Miss Young had come a day or two before. The home looked pleasant, though a good deal overgrown with weeds. Our year passed much as the former one.

In the spring of 1901, Miss Putnam, Miss Allen, Miss Young and myself got Mr. Boyer to take us to Christ Church Parish, some thirty miles from here; a quaint old church built before the Revolution. It is an old Episcopal Church. There is no tower or steeple, and the steep pitched roof does not need any. No chimney to mar its architectural beauty. On the wall inside the church is inserted a canvass imitation of black marble, on which is inscribed the words in faded gilt letters, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." It is all in decay, and when we visited it they seemed to be putting it in repair. The great door had a mammoth key, that the sexton handled with a great reverence. Mary Ball, the mother of Washington, is said to be associated with this church, that she was married there; but this is doubted. An-

other favorite excursion is to the old Yeocomico church in Westmoreland county.

In the year of 1901 at the close of school I went to Philadelphia for a few days, and to Atlantic City for two weeks, then went to Sherwood for a few weeks, Miss Davenport meeting me in Philadelphia and going with me. Miss King came that summer. Her mother was very feeble all that season, and on the 12th she died. She was laid away with a beautiful wreath of a white flowering vine about her, looking so innocent. Miss Emily Howland read "Crossing the Bar," from Tennyson; a quiet but impressive funeral. She was a life long Friend in principle.

I left Sherwood for Howland in September this year, Miss Young coming a few days before me, leaving her mother in poor health, but in a short time had to return, as her mother grew worse and died. Miss Young returned to Howland after the funeral and stayed a few weeks, then feeling unwell and being much needed at home, left us. We all regretted it, as she was well liked as a teacher. This year four of our pupils came to board in our house; nice children and good company for me.

After school I went to Indiana. Miss Raiford, our shoe cobbler, who did such satisfactory work teaching, left for her home in Aiken, S. C., about the time I did. After visiting in Indiana I went to Chicago to see R. J. Mason. As she could not come to me, I went to her. This was in 1902.

I returned south about the first of October and was very busy getting the house in order. Miss Raiford, our shoe cobbler, came a few days later. I had not yet got in living order before my niece, Alice Shanks, and her brother Louis and wife came, on the 13th of October, from Washington, where they had been attending the G. A. R. convention. Also Louis had been in the hospital at Detroit, Michigan, where he had been operated on for cancer of the throat. They arrived here before the card telling of their intentions, so had to find their own conveyance out. Then as Louis must be back on the return boat, they had not long to stay, and to be nearer the boat and save time we decided to go to Miss Putnam's to stay all night, and be at the boat at 5 a. m. on the 15th. They were all greatly pleased with Miss Putnam, and she did herself grand to entertain them. She had all up before it was light, made hot lemonade, and had crackers and a nice brush

fire to make them comfortable. Louis had a second painful operation, which was not effective, but went on to his home in Saginaw, Michigan, and suffered some weeks more than can be told, until death relieved him on the 22d of January, 1903. He was, I think, a most lovely character; a good druggist, one of the school board, and much interested in education. The flags on all the school houses were at half-mast at his death.

This school year passed much as the others. I had the Parker children for company, and about the last of June left for Philadelphia; spent a week there and then got an excursion ticket on the 7th of July, 1903, to go to Boston with a company of teachers. I did not use all of the privileges my ticket entitled me to, as I could not hear their literary exercises, so I went on to Townsend to visit my friend, Mrs. Ball. Here I stayed three or four weeks, when Miss Davenport came on and joined me. She had lost her mother, whom she had so faithfully watched over for years, and now she was free to go where she chose. In 1901 she went to Sherwood for a time.

While on this visit to Townsend, Mrs. Ball and I planned a visit to a community of Shakers, near Ayer Junction. Miss Davenport joined us and we all made the visit together. We found a clean village of men and women, engaged in all kinds of work, owning 1,600 acres of land between them. We found a good boarding place in a large old fashioned house of forty rooms, once in flourishing times filled with Shakers, but now almost empty. We asked if we could come to their meeting on Sunday. They said they had to deny that request, as so many only came to criticise, it annoyed them. As they only increase by adoption, there were but few left. They have nice barns, well stocked. They own all things in common, and can neither sell nor give away. What belongs to one belongs to all. We met a young man there who had been adopted when very young and knew nothing of his parentage. He was the youngest member there, and a little restless under his restraint. He must have been 21 or 22 years old. We had him drive us to another community of Shakers eight miles away, and he talked quite freely to Miss Davenport, but seemed much attached to them. At this last community, I think called the Shirleyites, was an old man, very palsied, over 90 years old, called Father Whiteley. He had married

in his younger days and had two sons, then he and wife joined this community, renouncing their marriage ties, calling each other brother and sister. It was Brother John and Sister Mary. If we referred to them as husband or wife, it was, "Nay, nay, brother John." He was called the patriarch, and at his death they thought the community would disband. I hear since they have both died.

We next visited a friend of Miss Davenport's and mine at Pepperel, Mrs. Boyenton, who I had once before visited. We stayed three days, I think, with her. She was very kind to us indeed. She was a widow and lived alone much of the time. Then Miss Davenport went to Boston, and I back to Mrs. Ball's, and in a few days we made a pleasant visit to Lomster to visit some of Mrs. Ball's relatives. On the last of August I returned to Philadelphia, where I stopped but a few hours, and went on to Baltimore. Miss Davenport met me at the Union depot, and we were also met by my old time friend, Mattie Carder, Sister Mary's sister-in-law, who was coming to spend the school term here to be company for me, and teach the girls the art of millinery and raffia work. We stopped a few days in Baltimore, then came on to Howland and reached there on the 3d of September.

I omitted a very pleasant drive we had in Baltimore. On the 2d of September, my birthday, Miss Davenport very kindly secured a hack and we drove around the park. There came up a rain before it ended, but we enjoyed it all, then went to the Light street pier to take our boat.

I also left out in its proper place a visit Miss Davenport and I made while at Sherwood, to Buffalo to the Pan-American Exposition, near the last of August, I think, in 1901. We took a three or four days' outing, got to Buffalo in the evening, secured a stopping place at reasonable terms and spent the entire next day upon the grounds. We witnessed the electric display in the evening, which was beautiful beyond all description, and after ten o'clock, tired enough, we returned to our boarding place. The next day we spent looking about the city; went to Dr. Pierce's great medical establishment, saw them bottling the fluids and making the pills. From room to room we passed, all filled with workers. About 3 p. m. we took the trolley for Niagara Falls, a pleasant ride of about twenty miles. We had but little trouble in securing a place to spend the night, and went to a restaurant

for meals. After we had our supper, we walked out to the American side of the falls. It was a lovely moonlight night and we enjoyed the scene. The most I regretted was that I could not better hear its thunderings. After a comfortable night and breakfast we sought the trolley to take the trip along the gorge, without which no trip to Niagara would be complete. On the Canada side we admired the mammoth cataract until our eyes were tired and limbs ached. Then we returned to the American side and took a hack over to Goat Island, and at four o'clock went to the trolley to make our return trip to Buffalo, as our time limit was up. We returned to Aurora and back to Miss Howland's home.

Now I return to 1903. After Mattie Carder and I had returned we found enough to do to put our house in order by school time, as all carpets were to be put down, white-washing, painting and cleaning to be done. Just before school opened Miss Young, of Gladwyn, came to make us a visit and stayed ten days. This year the Parker children came to board in part of our house, and boarded themselves, two boys and two girls. They were good help and company for us. Mattie was good help, had the class of large girls in the afternoon to teach them raffia and millinery. They did very well, made advancement, and were much attached to their new teacher. But it was new work to her; she did not like it very well, and did not return. This school year closed as others had. Miss Howland did not visit us this year. She tried to make us a visit every year, but failed a few times. We always enjoyed her visit.

About the time our school closed in 1904, Mrs. Carder made a misstep and sprained both ankles and suffered greatly for some hours. The Boyers were very kind and did all they could for her. Mr. Boyer went to Heathsville for the doctor. When she was well enough, on the 7th of June, we went to Coan to take the boat for Washington. We stayed all night at Coan and took an early boat, got to Washington on the 9th and went to my nephew's, Otis Stanton's. I stayed about ten days. Mattie went on to Dayton the next day. I had a very pleasant visit in Washington. As it was my first visit, I went over the city some, and met one of my colored friends there from our neighborhood, and we went out some together.

From Washington I went to Des Moines by way of Peoria,

to visit a doctor that was sure he could cure my deafness. I was foolish enough to think he might help me at a cost of about forty dollars. I made the trial, but no benefit whatever.

Then I went on to Des Moines, had a pleasant visit there and at LeMars. All were so kind in trying to give me a good time. After my visit to LeMars I returned to Des Moines in time for the State Fair. Mary Leisinger came with me and stopped a few days.

Near the last of September I packed two barrels and sent south, made up of clothing and some groceries given by kind friends. Then I started for the south.

Among the pleasant happenings while in Des Moines was a visit to Colfax, Mrs. Campbell being the guest of honor. A dinner was given us, and dear Mrs. Hunter and Mr. Callanan were with us. He died soon after and she followed a year or two later. A very thoughtful kindness was a birthday luncheon given in my honor at Mrs. Kirk's at Des Moines. In the afternoon we went out to Ingersoll Park and attended the vaudeville exercises. I was greatly amused.

On my return trip this year, 1904, I stopped in Indiana for a few days. I left Huntington the 10th of October and did not make any stop in Baltimore, as Miss Davenport was not there. I reached Howland on the 13th, had the house put in order as soon as I could, and had my classes by the 15th. I got Susie Boyer to stay with me until the Parkers came. Miss Raiford, after the first two years, boarded at Boyer's. The Parker children helped me and I helped them. Pauline, the eldest girl, did my washing and sweeping; her sister sometimes washed my dishes and in different ways would often earn a dollar a month or more. The little boys carried in the wood.

1904. This year in December Miss Howland came down. In a few days a cousin of hers came from Chicago to be company for me, and brought her little pet dog with her. She was not very well and was unhappy and did not stay until the close of school. She seemed much interested in the work when she first came, but lost it all. She could be very interesting sometimes and very merry, then so dejected.

I had company most of the time until the close of school. Then I went to Gladwyn to spend some weeks at Miss Young's home, as she wished me to come. I remained at her home for eight weeks, then I left for Cambridge City, Indiana, feeling

that I could have a better rest there. I went direct to Cousin Isaac Whiteley's in Cambridge City. This was near the last of July, 1905. Near the middle of August, R. J. Mason, from Chicago, met me at Indianapolis and we went together to Pendleton, Indiana, to attend Friends yearly meeting, that convened there every three years. We were met by a friend, who took us to Archie Anderson's, a relative of mine. William, Lydia, Charles and Mary Ferris and others were there at their pleasant, hospitable country home. A way was provided for us to attend every session. I missed only one. Though I could not hear much of the business or other exercises of the meeting, I felt that it was good to be with them, and Rebecca was so kind, she sat by me in meeting, and told me on paper who was speaking and sometimes what was said.

After the meeting closed, which lasted about five days, Rebecca and I made a trip to Andersontown to see some mounds that seemed to be objects of interest. In some remote period it seemed that a fort, or breastworks, had been constructed, in shape almost a perfect circle. The embankment at one time must have been eight or ten feet high, but was now greatly reduced by time, and immense trees were growing upon it, showing it a work of many centuries standing.

We returned to Pendleton and took the interurban for Indianapolis to visit some old time friends, Oliver and Ellen Hiatt. In our younger days we were quite intimate, but had not seen each other for several years. We stayed over night and part of a day with them. They seem to have a nice family of children, all grown, some married. One daughter, a "shut in," cannot walk and moves about in her rolling chair, but seems cheerful and bright, writes and receives letters from other "shut ins," pieces quilts, does fancy work, and can use the sewing machine, I think, and is very handy with her needle. We returned to Cambridge and from there I went to Cousin Isaac Whiteley's. Rebecca stopped with a grandson of Samuel Morris', but she visited other friends with me at Milton and Cambridge.

On the 5th of September, 1905, I had occasion to go from Milton to Isaac's on an errand, which being accomplished, I started for the interurban, the nearest way being the railroad track, which is always a venture for one with poor hearing. But I was going to be so careful that no harm could

come to me. I had watched and made the most of the trip safely, but in coming to a cross track there happened to be a freight car backing that I did not observe, though they were doing all they could to attract my attention, and just as I was ready to step in front of it the box car hit my shoulder and knocked me off the track instead of under the wheels. I had a hard fall. The men in charge came running to me to help me up. I was so frightened at the narrow escape, and thought I was not in the least hurt, but soon found myself sore and much bruised. However, I took the interurban to Milton, where I did not go out much for a few days. But it was a lesson I shall never forget. "Thus do pleasant occasions and calamities sometimes dwell very close together." It may be but a short step over the river from some of them.

On the 18th of this month I started from Cambridge, Isaac and Rebecca going to the train with me, to return by way of Washington to my southern home. I reached there about 9 a. m. the 19th. Carl, my nephew's son, met me. I had a quiet, restful time there, and on Sunday, the 24th, Otis Stanton went with me to the zoological garden. Here we saw beasts, birds, fishes, etc., all free. We got home at 1:30. Lottie had a nice dinner for us. On the 27th Lottie, my niece, went with me to the stores and to the treasury department, where engraving and printing currency is done. They told us how often the bills are counted to avoid all mistakes, and that they never use the portrait of a living subject for these bills.

On the 28th of September I started for Coan, Otis seeing me on the boat. The passage was pleasant and the boat a good one. I enjoyed the Potomac river scenery. This item I gathered: On the way we pass Stingaree Point at the mouth of the Rappahannock river. Surrey and Sussex are great for game and fish. Accomack is the peninsula lying between Cape Charles and the Maryland boundary. Some one has said the citizens of Accomack may begin life with no other capital than a cotton string, a rusty nail and a broken clam, and end in having a considerable landed estate. String for a line, nail for a sinker and clam for a bait. This outfit added to a few necessities of life placed great possibilities before them. This is where the Wise family once had their home, near Ononcock village. Their home was called Only, in-

closed in the horseshoe bend on Ononecock creek, five acres of beautiful ground was the home of Governor Wise.

On September 29 I reached Coan. Rebecca Talaferro met me at the wharf and took me and a box of provisions out home. The house seemed musty, but we soon had it put in repair, and was pleased to see a man had started a store across from our school house. But it did not last long. The Parkers came again this year. About the 1st of December Miss Anna Green, from Sherwood, came to help Miss Putnam in her school, and she and Miss Putnam came over and stayed all night with us. She had once taught this school and was glad to see old friends. On the 27th of December I went over to visit them and ate a very good dinner in the basement of the Holley house. We had a very quiet Christmas this year. After the new year, 1906, came in we had our Christmas tree as usual.

About the middle of February this year the thirty-eighth annual convention of the Woman Suffrage Association met at Baltimore. Miss Putnam went, met Miss Howland there and had her return with her. Susan B. Anthony was there, but was not able to attend the meetings. Mrs. Antoinette Blackwell and Miss Jones came with Miss Howland and Miss Putnam, and came over to visit our school on the 22d of February (Washington's birthday). Mrs. Blackwell had been a classmate at Oberlin College with Miss Putnam. Miss Howland came back some days later to stay some time with us. The weather was very snowy for a while, but presently the clouds cleared away and she had a satisfactory visit. She had a good chance to talk to the people at the church. Miss Putnam came over one Sunday and went with us to Talaferros to dinner and stayed all night, and we went next day to Coan with Miss Howland to start for home. She decided to have Eliza Day teach the little ones in school through the summer, though she had but few.

School closed this year on the 15th of June, 1906. Miss Raiford remained until school closed, then left not to return, as she thought some of the pupils could take her part of the work. I remained until the 21st of July, then Malachi, a young colored man, took me to Miss Putnam's at Lottsburg to stay over night, and take boat next day for Washington. Here at my nephew's I had a good rest. I have been taking treatment for my deafness of a doctor at Kansas City, Mo., Dr. Curts.

In some ways he helped me, but not my hearing. I have been reading some of J. M. Barrie's works that my nephew has. His style is peculiar. I have been reading "Sentimental Tommy," and Tommy and Grizzel, who lived the most of their lives at Thrums in Scotland. I made a visit with Miss Nash to Mt. Vernon. The day was fine and we enjoyed it. I visited the Pension Office and the Dead Letter Office. My nephew has been engaged in the state, war and navy departments at Washington for several years and gets a good salary, with prospects of promotion every few years by Uncle Sam.

On August 30, 1906, according to arrangement, I started to go from Washington to Mountain Lake Park in Maryland. My friend, Miss Davenport, was to join me on the way, as she had been boarding for some weeks in the country near Fairplay. We were on our way to attend a conference of Friends to be held at Mountain Lake Park. Fairplay is not very far from Harper's Ferry, Va., and she was boarding with a family of Dunkards. Our ride along the mountain side, through the valleys and over the mountain was beautiful. We had been having so much rain for weeks, but as we climbed the mountain we seemed to leave the rain behind us, and when we arrived at Mountain Lake Park the roads were dusty, the weather bright and sunny, and rain fell only once during the week we were there. We had chosen for our boarding place "Faith Home," on the Allegheny mountain, 2,800 feet above sea level. We found the house quite full and our room had been given to other parties, but finally we were given a down-stairs room. Miss Davenport went out to try to get another room, but could not. Miss Harris, who ran the house, claimed she had been cured of a trouble by faith and she tried to run the house on that principle, but I was convinced it did not work well in a boarding house.

It is a very noted summer resort for the Baltimore and Washington people, as well as from many other places. It had been one crowd after another until the help was all tired out, and many times the guests had to turn assistant and cook, wash dishes, and wait on the table; but we had a very good natured company and no one complained much. We had a very good Conference and a pleasant meeting with many of my old time friends. Prominent among them were Theodore Gillingham, wife and daughter, Edward Coal, and Griff-

fith, and many others. I could not gather much of the speaking, but Miss Davenport was so kind, she helped me to all she could by writing, etc. I was glad I went. "One part of life feeds another." Though the ears fail in much, the eyes may do double duty. There was a reception given us one evening at the hall. It was a very social occasion.

Our meetings closed on the 7th of September, 1906, and we had to bid adieu to our friends, and on the 8th we bid good-bye to the place and started for Baltimore. We stopped off at Harper's Ferry to stay a night. We reached there about 1 p. m. and engaged a carriage to take us about the place for two hours. It is noted for its beautiful scenery. Here the mountains of three states come together, near where we found a boarding place, "Maryland Heights." East and West Virginia all unite and at their base flows the Potomac, and the "dancing, rippling Shenandoah." Here this river empties into the Potomac. We drove to Bolivar Heights, where from one point on the mountain we could see ten miles to Charleston; saw a church spire that our guide pointed out as being near the scaffold erected upon which John Brown was executed. These are the Blue Ridge mountains. We saw the fort where he was held for a while. It now sits in a five acre field near the Shenandoah river, about a mile from the station of Harper's Ferry, where it originally stood. It was moved to the World's Fair at Chicago, after which Kate Field had it returned to the present site at her own expense. She bought this ground, thinking it would boom the land for town lots. She died soon after and it is going to decay. We visited a paper mill, where blocks or logs of timber were quickly made into great blocks of paper, layers of it pressed together, but easily divided while wet. We ascended one of the peaks by steps hewn out of the solid rock, with iron hand railing. It was a very romantic place. On the top was a very large rock called "Jefferson's Rock," for the reason that Jefferson once addressed the people from this rock. From it there is a beautiful view of the country, rivers, valleys and mountains. The scenery was so inspiring my friend said to our guide, "It should be easier for you to be good here than for us who live in less favored localities." Yet the crimes committed here in the name of justice and honor will ever be a dark spot in Virginia's history, among which the execution of John Brown will be the most promi-

inent. His motto was, "Resistance to wrong is obedience to God." He had matchless courage that led him into difficulties. He dared all to help a down-trodden race to liberty. If he could have seen the end from the beginning, I believe he would have done just what he did. Though many blamed him for the rash move, yet all had sympathy with the results, and his death gave an impetus to the movement his life could not have given. They claim now that all Virginia had for him was a gallows and six feet for a grave.

From here we went to Washington on the 9th, and having a few hours here we took trolley car to Anacosta, a suburb of Washington, to visit Frederick Douglas' old home. His last wife was a white woman, of more than usual ability, a good friend of Miss Putnam and Miss Howland, and visited our schools sometimes. She outlived her husband a few years. This home was left her for her life time, and at her death it went into the hands of the Douglas Memorial Committee, they to make it an honor to his memory. It was called "Cedar Hill," a beautiful place it might be, overlooking the city of Washington.

At 5 p. m. we started for Baltimore to stay a few days, by invitation, at Miss Davenport's home or boarding place. Here they were all so kind and I made some pleasant visits while there. It was the week of the Baltimore jubilee over their prosperity since the very destructive fire of 1903. It was indeed a great show, and the city did its best to be hospitable, and I felt glad to think my father and mother were Marylanders.

On the 19th of September I left for my home at Howland, dear Miss Davenport going with me as she always did to the boat. Arrived at Howland on the morning of the 20th. The house had been whitewashed inside and part of the cleaning done by Miss Boyer. This year Miss Young was to come to take charge of the sewing school, as I felt I must give it into the hands of those who had better hearing than I. She came a week later, with the understanding that she was to take all charge of the house, school and store. I had not the least intention of giving up all, and began to feel that I was no longer needed, as all was given to another. Miss Howland had so understood me, that I wished it so, but it was a misunderstanding. I then had time to visit more in the neighborhood, to help and encourage some of the home-makers to better housecleaning, not only by words, but taking hold and help-

ing them to provide a few more comforts. I also helped in our own home. The night before Christmas Miss Young was taken very sick. I did all I could to relieve her, to no effect; then I sent to our neighbor to go to Heathsville, four miles away, for the doctor. She was very ill for more than a week. She was still miserable for weeks after and decided to send for her cousin, Miss Barr, to come and go home with her. She came and stayed four weeks and they left on the 17th of February, 1907. About this time my friend, R. J. Mason, who was visiting in the east, and had promised me a visit, came, so fortunately I was not left alone, and she assisted me in the sewing school work, which I took up again for a short time, until Katie Boyer's (our neighbor's daughter) school would close, when she was to take it. But our school was smaller this year than ever it had been. The first week no one came. We felt they had had the summer to get ready in, but yet was not prepared to enter until the second week in October.

Well, as there seemed an element of dissatisfaction in the school, I felt best satisfied to be out of it, as I with my poor hearing was not fit longer to have the government of children. I sent to Indiana my goods, and left on the 6th of April, 1907, in company with Rebecca Mason, who felt she could no longer stay, as our road was the greater part together, so we made a last visit to our good, kind friend, Miss Putnam, at Lottsburg, and on the 8th of April took steamer at Coons' wharf for Baltimore. Here we got our breakfast. On the 10th we spent part of the day together, then I left in the afternoon for Cincinnati, on my way to Milton, Indiana, to spend a few weeks with friends, which I did pleasantly. I then made a visit to Cicero, Noblesville, Huntington and other Indiana towns. While at Huntington I had many pleasant visits, some with old time friends, some also with later acquaintances. But all were pleasant and did much to make my stay enjoyable.

While in Huntington one of my much valued friends, Morris L. Spencer, was taken ill and died, a bright, useful lawyer, whom I had known since he was two years old. He died on June 27, 1907, in his 64th year, and left a wife, daughter and two sons. I attended the funeral, I think one of the largest it was ever my privilege to attend. His brothers of the bar formed a long procession on foot, and there were many car-

riages of friends. Edward Coal, of the Society of Friends, an intimate friend of himself and family, spoke words of appreciation and comfort.

I stopped while there with Mary and Lizzie Moore, daughters of Joseph E. Moore, who have a comfortable home of their own, and have demonstrated that they are very able with their energy and perseverance to make a good living and home for themselves, since their father's death, and where their many friends always find a hospitable welcome.

Before going to Huntington I had a very pleasant visit of some days with my cousin Mary Hart, her husband and children at Andrews. I also visited Maggie Mason and daughter, meeting with some of my old time friends there. I visited at Samuel Mason's a few days, meeting Samuel's sister, Elizabeth Coal, from Bloomington, Illinois. We had not seen each other for more than twenty years, and it was quite a renewing of old acquaintanceship, and the few days I spent in Maple Grove neighborhood, visiting friends and old landmarks of earlier days, were very pleasant, though some of them were sad. We, Elizabeth, Rebecca and I, visited Elizabeth Evans' old home and took dinner with her children, but we missed the dear mother. So many and much in this neighborhood I would like to mention, but it makes my journal too long. Thomas and Elizabeth Moore, the father and mother of Michael Moore, of Huntington, were valued friends of mine. They were a most united couple and in death they were not long divided. She seemed in her usual health at his death, but in only a few hours followed him, both occupying the same grave.

From here I went to Huntington, visited Nehemiah Brown, wife and daughters. He was quite an invalid, but was faithfully nursed by his daughter. Visited Michael Moore and family and others of old time friends. Had a nice visit with Mary Moore, who married my brother-in-law, Charles Moore.

Then I came on to Wabash, visited friends in and about there. From Wabash I went by trolley to Marion to visit Cousin Viola's husband and children, who are living there, but had not seen for some years. From Marion I came back to Cicero and Noblesville, where I had spent a few weeks before going to Huntington. Here my relatives and others did much to make my stay so pleasant with them it was hard

to break away. My niece, Mary Kaiser, had a very nice dinner and invited some of my old time friends, who seemed to enjoy it thoroughly; and some of my Cicero friends also entertained for me, and one of my former pupils and his wife had a big dinner. He is now an elderly farmer, with grown and married children, but he said he had never forgotten his school days. Then by appointment I met a niece, a daughter of Brother Isaac. We had not met for twenty-five years, I think. We visited together for ten days at Carmel, Indiana, her father's old home, and where she was married and lived for several years. Her home now is at Albion, Indiana, where she lives with her husband, children and grandchildren.

On the 22d of August, 1907, I left Noblesville for Des Moines. At Chicago my good friend, R. J. Mason, met me at the depot and insisted that I should go to a restaurant near by and have a good warm supper, as I had to travel all night to get to Des Moines early the following day. My trip was uneventful, save a few hours late getting to Des Moines. My friends expected me earlier in the day and my cousin, Harry Coggeshall, went to the train, thinking as his mother had moved since I was there that I might not find the way. But I had the number, so took a carriage and had no trouble in finding her. Here I had a glorious rest on Pleasant street, typical of its name. A very pleasant apartment house on the hill, where we can see for miles over the city and country, and where the air is good and bracing. So I rested and enjoyed it. The State Suffrage convention met while I was there, my cousin entertaining some of the delegates, Mrs. Irene Adams, from Lake Hellen, Florida, Mrs. Mary E. Craig and daughter Allie, from Allison, Iowa, Mrs. Phillips of Ottumwa, Iowa, and Mrs Emily Phillips.

Mrs. Coggeshall also made a dinner one evening, and invited the retiring officers. It was a very pleasant company, indeed. I did not attend many of the meetings, as I could hear so little of the business. Luncheon was prepared at Unity Church for Tuesday evening, Wednesday and Thursday at twelve o'clock, and quite a good many had the benefit of it; everything well served and plenty of it. There were a goodly number out to the meetings, but not so many as I had expected to see. The weather was fine all the week.

I remained in Des Moines until the 23d of October. A few days before I left, with my cousin's help, I filled a box and

sent to one of my colored friends at Howland, with such things as I thought would be useful to her in making herself and house more comfortable. Unfortunately, the box seemed to have fallen into other hands, as months after she wrote me it never came.

On the 23d of October, 1907, I came to LeMars, a town in the northwestern part of the state, to spend the winter with relatives there, making my home with my sister Lucretia's eldest daughter, Mary Leisinger, who has a very pleasant home with modern improvements. Although in the country, three miles from LeMars, it was like a city home, and with good roads, horses and conveyances at hand we liked the ride and went often. This country is always interesting to me for the immensity of everything. Great fields of corn, wheat and grain, groves of timber, herds of cattle on the thousand hills, etc. Like the ocean, the prairie always impresses me with its vastness. We see a farm and buildings near, we think, but find it miles away. We see a field of corn and ask its size. It contains fifty or a hundred acres, most likely. I spent a pleasant Christmas here with my niece and family. Then on the 10th of April I went for a few days to Jackson, Nebraska, to visit a niece and family. The visit was enjoyed and the scenery beautiful, as it afforded such a variety for the eye to rest upon. On the 15th of April I left LeMars for a short visit in Des Moines before continuing my journey to Indiana.

I hear frequently from my colored friends in Virginia. A letter written on the 19th of January spoke of just receiving a box that I had started on the 14th of October, 1907; very tardy in its arrival. "Everything right," she says. "And really words cannot express my heartfelt thanks, but hope heaven will bless you." "I wore my blue skirt and silk waist yesterday, and my little girl said, 'Why, mamma, are you the same woman?' You know I must have appeared quite decent. I want to fix up my downstairs room and when I get my nice curtains up, with other little fixings, it will look quite 'swell.'" (So much for her appreciation.) "Remember me to your dear cousin who helped fill my box; also to Miss Mason, whom I often think of."

One of our Charleston pupils in whom I was greatly interested and often receive letters from, was a lame boy, Henry M. Gourdine. He did not care so much for books, but was great for business. His mother and sisters secured a position

through Miss Hancock with the Underhills at Croton Landing, N. Y. He remained for a while in our school and then we helped him to a position near his mother with the same family, and he was greatly liked. They had a large brickyard and in time he was made engineer, a very responsible position. He liked it so much he decided to make a good, first-class engineer of himself by taking a course of home studies in civil engineering. He married, has two children, moved into New York City, secured a good position, and at last accounts was doing well. Here at least was one case where a little help proved beneficial, as in many others we could mention.

Though I am still likely to live for several years, yet this seems a fitting time to close my journal. Like its author, it will be a very moderate edition. Many things are omitted, but not forgotten; neither are the dear friends whose names are not mentioned in whose hands this may fall. I trust that some part of my life has been in a degree useful. And it is best to be remembered by what we have done.

“Needs there be the praise of the love written record,
The name and the record graven on stone?
The things we have lived for, let them be our story;
We ourselves but remembered by what we have done.

I need not be missed, if another succeed me,
To reap down those fields which in spring I have sown;
He who plowed and who sowed is not missed by the reaper,
He is only remembered by what he has done.

Not myself, but the truth that in life I have spoken;
Not myself, but the seed that in life I have sown,
Shall pass on to ages, all about me forgotten,
Save the truth I have spoken, the things I have done.”

TO THE MEMORY OF MY BROTHER, ISAAC W.
STANTON.

BY A COMRADE.

Isaac W. Stanton enlisted in the Civil war August 4, 1862, in Company A, Fifth Indiana Cavalry. At the organization of the company he was made corporal. The regiment was encamped at Camp Jo Reynolds and Camp Carrington until December 23, 1862.

In October Company A was sent to Blackford and Wells counties, Indiana, for the purpose of protecting the draft officers, arresting rioters, etc. December 23 the regiment went by rail to Evansville, Indiana, remained there about one week, then moved up the river to Newbury, Indiana; then went into winter quarters and remained until March 1, 1863. They then went by steamer to Lewisville, Kentucky, arrived there on March 5, marched from there to Glasgow, Kentucky, by way of Elizabethtown and Mumfordsville. The regiment was then brigaded with the 107th Illinois Infantry, 45th Kentucky Infantry and 14th Illinois Cavalry, and was engaged in scouting and skirmishing with Rebel General John A. Morgan's forces until July 11, 1863. During the summer, besides a number of skirmishes, the regiment was engaged in a severe fight at Selina, Tennessee, on the Cumberland river; also at a place called Marrowbone, Kentucky, and at Turkey Neck Bend on the Cumberland river on the 11th of July, when General John A. Morgan attempted and made his memorable raid into Ohio and Indiana. The regiment was under command of Col. Graham, General Judah, brigade commander, General Hobson commanding the division. The division went in pursuit of Morgan. After following him to Seotsburg, Frankfort and Lebanon, it returned to Louisville, was transported to Cincinnati, Ohio, by steamer, and followed Morgan through Ohio to Buffington's Bar, where the regiment was the first in the fight that ended in the surrender of Morgan and his forces.

The regiment then returned to Glascow, Kentucky, and on the 18th day of August, 1863, brigaded with the 8th Tennessee Cavalry, the 14th Illinois Cavalry and 65th Indiana Mounted Infantry, under command of General J. W. Foster, and went with Burnside on the East Tennessee campaign. The 5th was the first regiment to enter Knoxville.

The brigade, about the 8th of September, moved up the valley by Strawberry Plains, New Market, Panther Springs, Bull's Gap, and Kingsport, where the 5th was engaged for a short time with the enemy, who retreated, and the regiment proceeded on to Blountsville; seeing nothing more of the enemy until it reached Zollicoffer, a little town near the E. T. & V. railroad. Struck them about 9 o'clock in the morning, engaged them until about 3 p. m., and were compelled to fall back. Proceeded by way of Blountsville, Jonesboro, Greenville, Morristown, New Market and Strawberry Plains to Knoxville. Next morning countermarched over the same route to Blountsville, where we had a severe engagement with General Ransom's and General Jones' forces, who outnumbered us two to one. After a fight of some three hours we charged them and utterly routed them, killing a number and taking 180 prisoners.

From that time until November 17 the regiment was continually engaged in skirmishing with the enemy. For twenty-three days at one time Company A was not out of the saddle only to snatch a few minutes' sleep, cook and eat their scant rations and feed their horses. The men suffered so much for want of sleep that they would go to sleep sitting in the saddle. The other engagements in which the company participated during the East Tennessee campaign were Bean Station, Maynardsville, Blains, Cross Roads, Walker's Ferry, and siege of Knoxville.

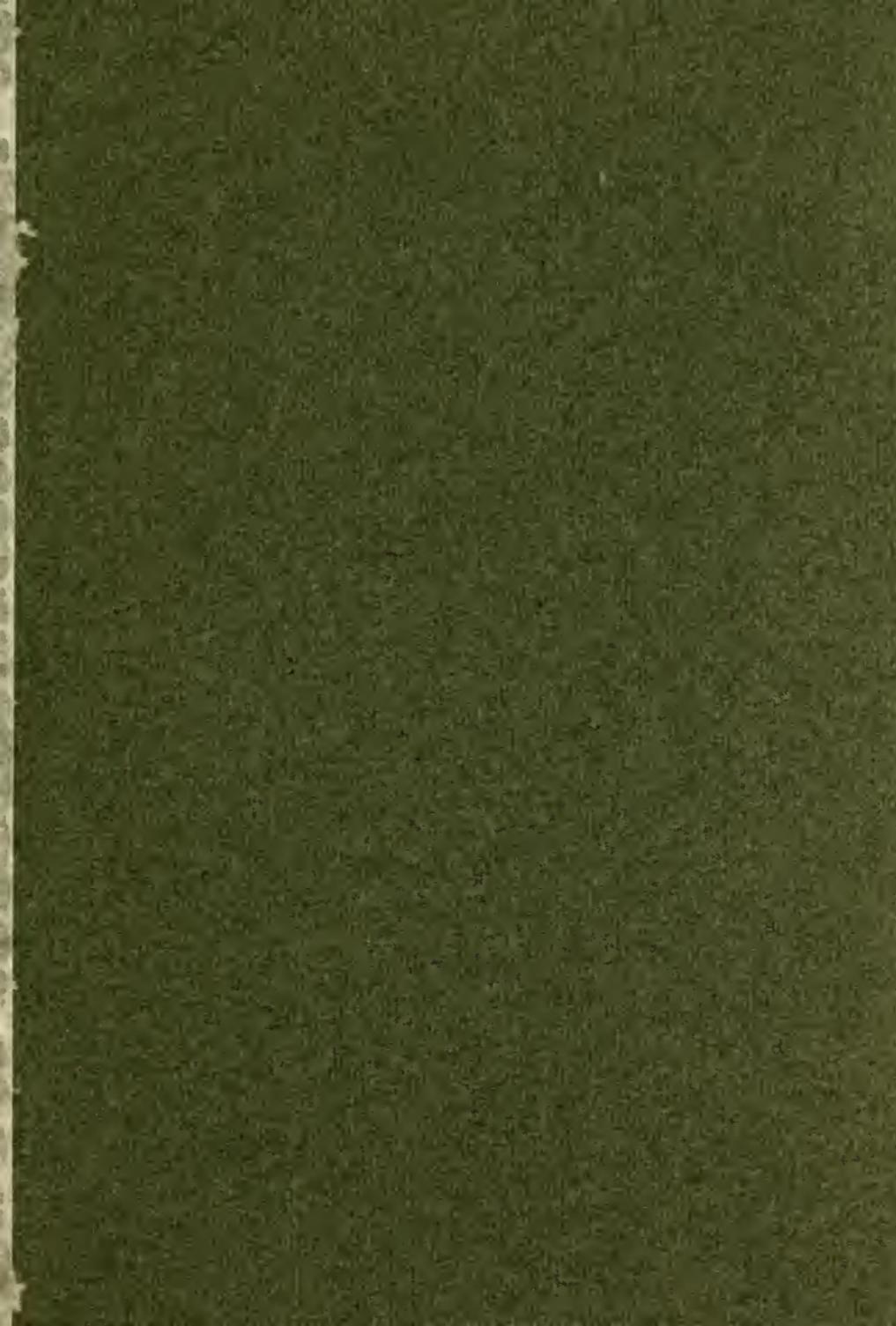
Comrade Stanton was sent home from Morristown, Tennessee, November 17, 1863, to recruit, and while absent from the company was elected second lieutenant. He rejoined the company at Dalton, Georgia, about May 20, 1864, and was almost all the time afterwards, during the Atlanta campaign, in command of his company. The regiment was continuously engaged in scouting, skirmishing or fighting. For a period of seventy-two days the regiment was never out of the sound of musketry. On the 27th of July, 1864, the regiment went on the Stoneman raid in the rear of Atlanta, proceeded to Macon, Georgia, and on the 30th it was engaged with the enemy. The fight was a drawn battle. Stoneman left Macon, determined to make his way back to Sherman's lines. About 4 a. m. the next morning, July 31, near Monticello, Georgia, we came in contact with Forrest's cavalry. The fight continued until 4 in the evening, then on account of being out of am-

munition, Stoneman surrendered. The privates were taken to Andersonville prison, while the officers, with whom was Comrade Stanton, were taken to Columbia, S. C. But little mercy was shown them, as they were turned into an open field, without tents or comforts of any kind. They also served a time in the old jail at Charleston, S. C. Comrade Stanton was paroled and came home to Carmel, Indiana, some time in March, 1865, and was dangerously ill for some weeks. His prison life, long marches and exposures affected his after life. He finally recovered and joined his command at Pulaski, Tennessee, where they remained until June, then came to Indianapolis, Indiana, and were mustered out of the service June 23, 1865.

In the years 1867 and 1868 he served as treasurer of Hamilton county and moved his family to Noblesville. When his term of office expired he with his family came back to his old home at Carmel, Indiana.

I want to say of Comrade Stanton that I have known him for forty years as a neighbor, as a friend, and as a comrade in the service of our country. As a neighbor and friend he was always true; no man ever was truer or more steadfast in his friendship and no kinder or better man to his family ever lived. As a soldier and officer he was careful and pains-taking in the performance of his duty, free from any of the vices usually attributed to soldiers, brave in action, and kind and attentive to his comrades in sickness. In a word, he was brave as a lion and as tender as a woman.

D. W. PATTY, 1894.



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